

★ May, 1938

The American Mercury



THIRD FLOOR

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Sovietizing Our Merchant Marine	Harold Lord Varney
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Emancipating the American Male	Eugene Pharo
Remember the Maine?	Edmund Gilligan
The Myth of Czech "Democracy"	Erich Posselt
How to Get a Washington Job	Don Layne
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The Businessman in History	John W. Thomason, Jr.
Why Change America?	Gordon Carroll
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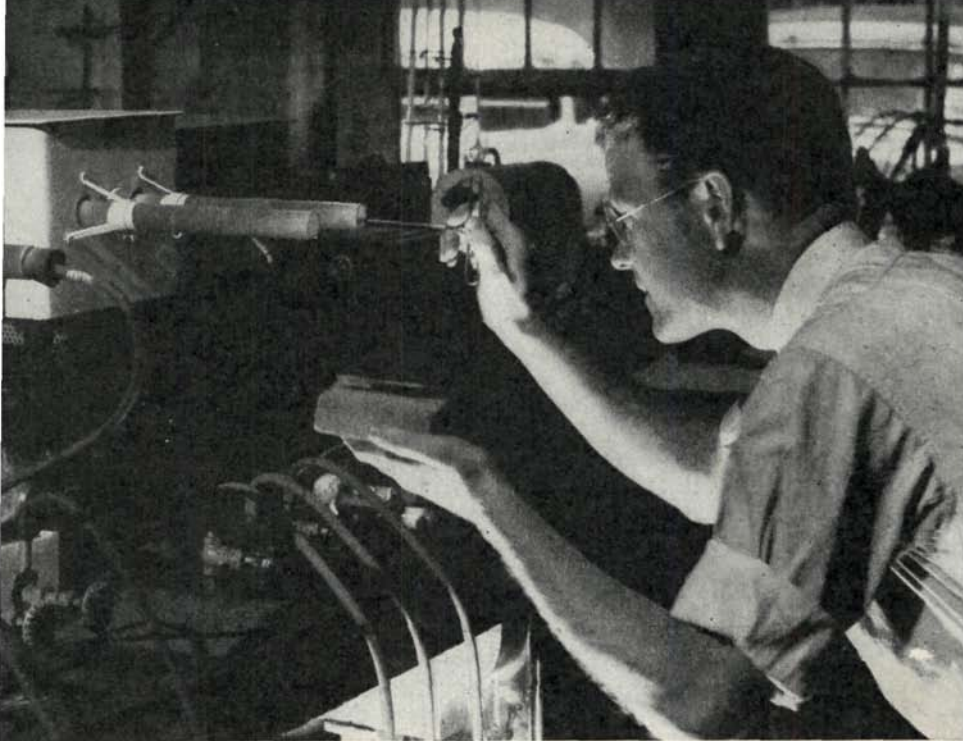
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By Lawrence Dennis

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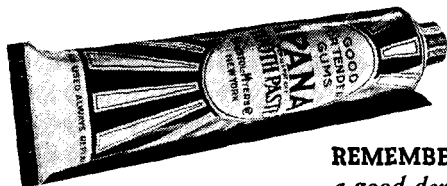
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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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Published by The American Mercury, Inc., monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date, at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$3.00 in U. S. and Possessions, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Spain and Colonies, and the Republics of Central and South America. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial office, Ridgefield, Conn. General offices, 570 Lexington avenue, New York City. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1938, by The American Mercury, Inc. Entered as

second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. No reproduction of content allowed without written permission. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. Address all editorial correspondence and manuscripts to Ridgefield, Connecticut.

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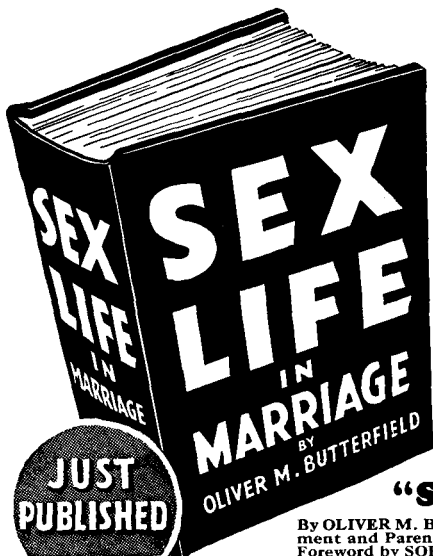
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(Continued on page 122)



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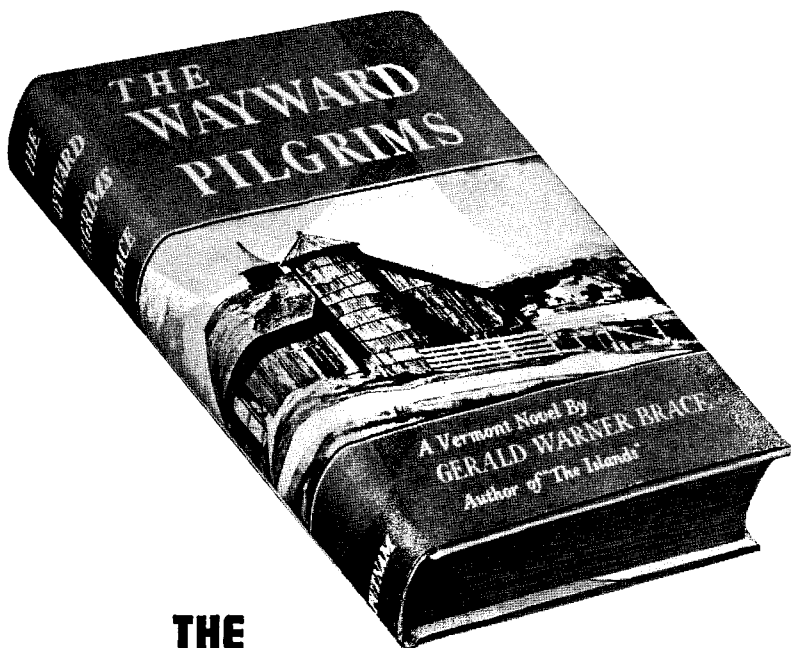
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The American MERCURY

PROPAGANDA FOR WAR: MODEL 1938

BY LAWRENCE DENNIS

IF ONE indubitable conclusion can be drawn from the events of the past few weeks, it is this: that the hysterical reaction of our press to the moves of the Fascist powers in Europe is a greater menace to American peace and safety than anything these nations have done so far or seem likely to be able to do in any near future. No people can long remain at peace if continuously exposed to war propaganda such as our press, radio, and other opinion-formers have been conducting during the past month. This propaganda neither protects the weak nor restrains the strong. Nor does it promote understanding of the great historical processes now in course, such as imperialism, racial and cultural nationalism, the German pressure towards the East,

or the class struggle along economic lines within nations.

All these great historical processes have been going on for generations. Up to the World War, the American people never felt that they, by means of a partnership with Britain, France, and Russia, had either to halt or direct these processes in far-off lands in order to make it possible for Americans to live securely on a continent isolated from Europe by 3000 miles of ocean. An attempt is now being made, and with marked success, to develop this feeling in the American people. Once generally accepted, it can lead only to a world war of a magnitude and a ferocity to dwarf the horrors of 1914-18.

The causes of this current war propaganda are not the events

abroad now receiving so much unfavorable attention by the press. If one would keep the United States out of another disastrous war, one must uncover the roots of this propaganda to the burning light of facts and clear thinking. The difficulty encountered here is that the apparatuses for focusing such light rays are almost entirely within the control of the interests bent on getting us into war. These propaganda roots may be classified as emotional, ideological, and idealistic. The chief emotions exploited are those of hatred of anti-Semitism, and love of the British. The ideology is that of collective security, now being openly preached by both Dr. Roosevelt and his Secretary of State, as well as by the majority of our newspapers, columnists, publicists, eminent citizens, Eastern society people, and orthodox Communists. The idealism is that of the wish for world peace and of the dream of a joint world-leadership by America and Britain in power, morality, money, and trade.

Altogether, these elements make up a sinister synthesis, the most important feature of which is that it is wholly non-national and non-American. This, of course, is quite as it should be in the view of that considerable number of our lead-

ing citizens who despise the nation and revere anything international. Some of these internationalists are bankers, some society people, some professional people, some Communists, and some merely college professors. Some bestow their affections on world finance, others on world trade, others on world peace, and still others on world revolution. But they all unite in favor of collective security and having the United States play a strong hand in every European crisis. This United Front now definitely controls our press.

Let us first take up the emotional forces of hatred of anti-Semitism in Europe, and the passion for the defense of the British Empire everywhere. Against these forces as personal or group attitudes, I have no complaint. Against their present tendency to involve us in a European war, I protest, not because I am anti-Semitic, for I am not, nor because I am an Anglophobe, for again I am not, but simply because I do not wish to fight either for the Jews or the British. Anti-Semitism in Europe makes an excellent irritant for American susceptibilities. If anti-Semitism is made an abstract moral issue, as it tends to be made by both the Jews and the anti-Semites, it will be found moral or

immoral according to the preferences by which judged. Presented as a moral issue for Americans, anti-Semitism in Europe will be voted wrong by a large majority of Americans. Against this vote I have no quarrel. But now it is coming to be used as a basis for the demand for a war of vengeance, punishment, and reform. This is a serious matter both for Americans and for Jews living in America. They should consider earnestly these questions: Would such a war serve American interests? Would it serve the interests of the four million Jews in America? Would it ultimately improve the lot of the Jews living in the rest of the world?

After any war with the Fascist powers, however it may end, the Jews may rest assured that there will be plenty of embittered people and returned soldiers who will blame the Jews for that war. The question for the Jews to consider is not whether such charges will be well-founded but whether they will be widely believed. There would seem to be both historical and logical grounds for saying that it will not profit the Jews to be an issue in any major war. Hitler might lose the war; but so, also, might the Jews, even in the lands of the victors — if there should be

any winners next time, which is doubtful.

As for pro-British sentiment in this country, let the following historical facts be recalled: We have fought two wars against the British and one with them as associates; and we got more out of fighting against the British than with them. The two peoples are naval rivals and competitors in trade. Their respective economic interests are competitive: both are highly industrialized; both are large producers of raw materials. Under the imperial-preference policy of the Ottawa Conference, the Empire is a market in which British trade enjoys preference and American trade suffers discrimination. These indisputable facts establish the falsity of one premise of the present war propaganda, *i.e.*, that American and British interests are identical and indissoluble.

It is, of course, almost certain that Britain would never allow any *casus belli* to arise between herself and America; for the excellent reason that the first consequence of such a war would be the irretrievable loss by the British of Canada and their other possessions in this hemisphere. The virtual certainty of no war between America and Britain must be gratifying to the British as well as Americans. But

our strategic superiority over the British, and the improbability of our ever making unreasonable demands of them, do not constitute a community of interests, economic or spiritual.

It so happens, however, that our Eastern seaboard aristocracy and our most elegant Eastern universities and private schools, are steeped in the Anglophile tradition. Thus the cult enjoys the combined prestige of smart society and academic culture. Were these its only supports, it would not be the significant force it is today, since both smart society and fashionable schools in the East are spiritually, intellectually, artistically, and morally bankrupt. But the Anglophile emotion has stronger support. It has the appeal of that very engaging ideology now commonly known as Collective Security. Anglophilism in its Groton-Harvard form would not be salable west of the Alleghanies; but collective security, world peace, and American joint leadership with England in money, power, and morals, are easy to popularize, especially among a frontier folk who have yet to develop an heroic national philosophy. A good legal mind can make collective security convincing, and any female mind can find the idealism of world peace most attractive. Inas-

much as American social thinking is done by lawyers, and American marketing is done by women, the twin cults of Anglophilism and collective security have a nationwide, though not a national, appeal.

In his National Press Club speech of March 17, Secretary Hull gave vigorous though guarded expression to the collective-security ideology. Declared our venerable Secretary of State, whose thoughts linger wistfully among the ghosts of mid-Victorian England:

It would be absurd and futile for us to proclaim that we stand for international law, for the sanctity of treaty obligations, for non-intervention in internal affairs of other countries, for equality of industrial and commercial rights and opportunities, for limitation and reduction of armaments — but only in one-half of the world and among one-half of the world's population.

According to this now-popular doctrine, our security demands that we stand for — which is to say fight for — international law, treaty obligations, security of all weaker countries, the punishment of aggression (unless made by America, Britain or France), and equality of commercial rights for the aforementioned powers in the territories controlled by Germany, Italy, and Japan. Briefly, this ideology is a colossal structure of

pure legalism into which no great human impulse has ever breathed the breath of life. All that is wrong with the dream is the fact that the laws men live by and fight for, the likes and dislikes they cherish, and the schemes of distribution they are prepared to die for, are mutually exclusive and utterly irreconcilable.

No such legalistic system ever worked. But that fact does not daunt our internationalists. They meet the realist with the following declaration: The system *would* work if only every nation did its part. (What system would not?) Therefore, it must be made to work by overriding opposition and coercing co-operation. According to this reasoning, we cannot be secure while Germany, Italy, and Japan are frustrating the internationalist ideal. Therefore, 200,000,000 Brit-
ishers, Americans, and Frenchmen must coerce about the same number of Germans, Italians, and Japanese, resorting ultimately to war if necessary. What could be simpler?

But the actual facts are that the proposed stand for peace is a call to arms to 200,000,000 citizens of three great good powers to wage war on a similar number of citizens of three great bad powers. This stand for the rule of law amounts

to the greatest use of force ever known. It is not world peace, world order or world justice. It is world war and world chaos.

II

In April, 1917, when we entered the first war to Make the World Safe for Democracy, this mad philosophy had more excuse than it has today. Then there was no Hitler, Mussolini, or Stalin. There was no Communist world revolution being waged by a despotic Russian Government. France was not twenty-five per cent Communist, unable to form a government without control being left with a Marxian Socialist only a shade less orthodox than the French Stalinists. In 1917 the chief devils were only two in number, Austria-Hungary and Germany. Today they have added to their ranks Italy and Japan, who in 1917 were among the angels. In 1917 Russia was an angel; now she is Communist, which ought to, but apparently does not, mean devil to our conservative internationalists. In 1917 Germany and Austria-Hungary were militarily encircled, economically blockaded, and seriously deficient in food. Today France is militarily encircled and isolated while the British Empire

is exposed to simultaneous attack by a Japan which dominates the Far East and by an Italy which threatens and may, with German and Spanish aid, be able to close the Mediterranean. The fact that since 1918 two of the angels have joined the devils seems to have no significance for the internationalists. It only makes them more eager for the coming holy war.

In 1914 the Germans made the mistake of taking the offensive against France across a neutral Belgium. Today the Germans will let the French try to crack the German Verduns, while aiding Italy and Japan to attack Britain and France in their most vulnerable spots. In 1914, the British and French started war with their finances in splendid shape. Today French currency and credit are in collapse. Today America, Britain, and France are saddled with unbearable public debts and are making a nose-dive into a new depression. Of course, all three countries can go to war tomorrow but only on a totalitarian, Fascist basis. *The first step of the democracies in a war against Fascism would be to scrap parliamentary democracy and set up Fascist dictatorships.* They cannot finance another world war in a capitalistic and democratic manner.

In short, there is no good reason today to expect a world war between an alliance composed of America, Britain, France, and Russia against Germany, Italy, and Japan to end otherwise than in the collapse of Western civilization and the rise of the harshest forms of dictatorships from the ruins left by several years of fighting over all Europe. How could this orgy of destruction possibly serve American, British, or French interests? In 1917 we were made to believe we were defending our profitable foreign-trade rights. This time, we should not even get rubber checks for helping our European Allies to devastate the Continent in the name of international justice. Only outright Communism or a harsher Fascism can win the next war.

All this Mr. Neville Chamberlain and those who support his cautious European policy well understand. It is little short of amazing how our conservative press has subjected the Chamberlain policy to savage criticism. The only explanation is hysteria and fanaticism. There is, of course, among many of our Conservatives a fatuous smugness which refuses to take the Communists at their word. (One recalls that Marie Antoinette only took the French Revolution seriously a short time

before her head rolled into the basket.) Those who accept Mr. Chamberlain's realistic view are invariably confronted with what is thought to be a question for which there is but one answer: "Do you propose to let Hitler and Mussolini and Japan get away with it?"

The logical answer, from the point of view of American interests, is that Germany, Italy, and Japan are only doing what Britain, France, and we ourselves have done repeatedly in the past. Have we forgotten our conquest of Mexico or our conquest of the entire continent from the Indians? What of England's countless conquests of the past three hundred years? Even today England is bombing defenseless Indian and Arab villages in wars of pacification. France has had on her hands a war of subjugation in North Africa almost continuously since the end of the World War. In March, Hitler united Germany and Austria virtually without bloodshed and our press raved over the brutal rape of poor Austria. Between 1927 and 1932, the United States Marines in Nicaragua, a country of 600,000 inhabitants, killed some 3000 natives. Did the European press rave over this willful slaughter in a futile undeclared war of American intervention?

III

In today's war propaganda, no term is more abused than that of *international law*. Ninety-nine per cent of the American people are as innocent of any knowledge of international law as of Sanskrit. But the term *law* impresses Americans (much more than the thing itself) while the term *international*, meaning something foreign, is positively awe-inspiring to them. When told that they should uphold international law, they agree without having the remotest idea what it is they are being asked to uphold. And when told that certain wicked foreigners are violating international law, they are ready for another emotional spree, as in 1917.

Now the first thing to understand about international law is that, for a rule to constitute international law, it must be internationally observed. It is, therefore, utter nonsense to talk about international law being constantly violated by three great nations comprising nearly half of the seven great powers of the world. Thus all the present talk about the new international wickedness of treaty violations and unilateral treaty denunciations is largely hokum, in that it implies that such wicked acts are violations of international

law. The implication is untrue. What is the use of a treaty if it cannot be enforced by judicial process? The answer again is that the purpose of a treaty is to serve as a basis for understanding and negotiation, and not judicial enforcement. It is a memorandum of what has been agreed and what may be expected.

Americans now given to delivering curtain-lectures to foreign governments over treaty violations should recall that the United States Government under Dr. Roosevelt has repudiated its solemn obligation to pay its bonds in gold and that the Supreme Court has upheld this exercise of the sovereign right of a State to break its word whenever it sees fit. If these Americans know their United States court decisions, they will also be fully aware that our courts have consistently upheld the right of Congress to terminate or modify treaties.

Any nation, of course, is at liberty to try its hand at enforcing a treaty right of its own or a treaty duty of another nation. It has likewise a perfect right to coerce or make war on another nation for any other reason or for no reason at all. This is good international law. But international law sensibly places on no nation the duty to enforce the rights of other nations.

Still another misrepresentation of the current war propaganda is that of suggesting or implying that a declaration of war, acts of war without a declaration, intervention, coercion, territorial conquest, and acts generally repugnant to moral sensibilities are forbidden by international law. International law does not forbid war; does not protect weak nations against the strong; does not guarantee frontiers; does not create rights or impose duties enforceable by judicial process. Our internationalists have a perfect right to advocate war or the enforcement by our government of the claims of other nations: but they have no right to propagandize such bald lies about the present state of international law. Nothing could be more hypocritical than for Americans who were the first to reject the Covenant of the League of Nations and who made separate treaties with all the enemy powers after the late war, now to denounce Germany, Italy, and Japan for refusing to be bound by the Covenant or the war treaties to which the United States also refused to be a party. Who signed the League Covenant? President Wilson. Who repudiated his signature? The American Senate.

The advocacy of war or any other form of possible interna-

tional action is perfectly justifiable under our system of government. What is objectionable in the present campaign of the war-mongers is not their demand for war: they make no such demand openly or candidly; on the contrary, they merely make assertions and demands which can lead only to war. What is illegitimate in their campaign is the falsity of their inflammatory assertions. If the American people can be induced to go to war on the basis of true representations, all well and good. If lies, deception, and trickery are used, there will be a day of reckoning for the liars.

We have a perfect right as a sovereign nation to protect any nation we may choose to protect; to protest against any act by another nation which may displease us; to declare war for any reason we deem proper or for no reason at all. We have a right to discriminate against foreigners as we do in the case of the Japanese in California; to injure other nations through trade, immigration, and tariff policies as we have done throughout our history; and to insult through official utterances other nations and their public officials, as our Secretary of State is now doing. Finally, as a sovereign nation, we are the judges of our national conduct.

But let us, in the exercise of these rights, also recognize that other nations have the same rights. This is good international law.

There is no doubt that in the world today, many interests other than our own are being grievously injured and many rights violated. But this is nothing new. It is not something which international law or common sense bids us try to rectify. Foreign events present moral issues, but to whom? We have plenty of moral issues at home. Would we admit that the Negro in the South presents a moral issue to the public conscience of Germany, or that our labor relations present a moral issue to the public conscience of Soviet Russia? The world is not so organized that every nation can usefully intervene in the solution of all the moral problems of all other nations and peoples.

Our present task is to prevent the internationalists, especially those in power at Washington, from imposing on us responsibilities which neither international law nor national self-interest bid us shoulder. Our first duty is to ourselves. We owe no duty to a dream-system of international rights and obligations, unrecognized by half the great powers, and once repudiated by ourselves. We shall not be pro-

recting ourselves by hurling American youth against German machine-gun nests in the recently fortified Rhineland, or by building and dispatching 6000 miles from home the greatest armada in history for the purpose of conquering an island empire which seeks expansion in an area over which we have no reasonable pretension and in which we have no economic interest worth the life of one good American.

It is high time to start discussing foreign affairs as foreign news, and to stop discussing foreign affairs as moral issues involving our national honor. Our interests demand our neutrality regardless of the rights or wrongs of others. We have a right to the mastery of this Western Hemisphere because we have the force to maintain this right. Beyond this hemisphere the effectiveness of our force is most doubtful.

The argument that we may have to fight again in Europe to protect our rights is essentially a plea to protect the interests of some other nation or help avenge the wrongs

of some other people. It is certain that our participation in the next war would serve the ends of vengeance, but doubtful that it would materially add to the well-being of any nation. Probably our best service to the rest of the world will be to preserve ourselves and our civilization for the future.

It may be that all modern civilizations, including our own, must flourish or fall together. I see no such inevitability, however. In ages past certain civilizations rose and flourished while others declined and perished. The argument that any nation must uphold the rights, defend the interests, and avenge the wrongs of all other nations and peoples, in order itself to survive and prosper, finds support neither in history nor in logic.

Granting the terrible uncertainty of the future, it seems obvious that our chances of defending American civilization in America are decidedly better than the chances of our saving the entire world and righting all its wrongs through another world war.



THE BRIDES OF MARX

BY MONA LARÉ

IN THAT strange new American "Art Form", the proletarian novel, the Comrade Heroine invariably is set forth to be a lass of truly epic stature, combining the courage of Jeanne d'Arc and the Kleig-light glamor of La Garbo with a chasteness that leaves one groping for a worthy parallel. This heroic female, radiantly lovely despite her bargain-counter dress, her flour-sacking lingerie, and her run-over shoes, is chiefly noted for her ability to spurn the lecherous propositioning of (a) the fat sweat-shop boss, or (b) the absentee plantation owner; and to do battle alongside the blond worker-hero against those inseparable menaces, Capitalism and Fascism. I venture to say, however, that no more distorted character exists in all fiction. For your authentic Lady Comrade (and I base this statement upon the close-hand observations of several years) is just the antithesis of the comely wench aforementioned.

Her courage, if you choose to call it that, is confined to yelling insults at people who ignore picket lines

and to assaulting the cops who occasionally take a hand to preserve order. Though she sneers at all the amenities as bourgeois affectations, she takes the fullest advantage of the bourgeois chivalry which precludes her being slapped down, even by the Cossacks. Her physical charms are even more grossly exaggerated by the Leftist literati: actually, she has less sex-lure than the traditional mud fence, and no male with five cents' worth of esthetic values could see her with binoculars. As for her virtue, she is vastly more lacking in this asset than the average alley cat. It is her lack of morals, indeed, as I shall presently bring out, that constitutes her chief service to the Cause.

Since the Millennium appears to be near at hand, what with a horde of Revolutionaries already in the high places at Washington, and with fresh batches arriving on every train, it seems apropos to examine more closely these females of the Marxian species. There are two types: the Intellectual, and the Guttersnipe. Together, Come The

Day, they will compose the Flower of American Womanhood — with Soviet alterations. In fact, one of them, unless our future Stalin turns out to be an independent fellow and grabs himself a *saftig* blonde, will be the First Lady of the Land. Permit me, then, to present composite portraits of these charming gals, beginning, perhaps snobbishly, with the Intellectual — or house-broken — type.

II

This lass, in nearly every case, was what euphemism terms a “problem child”. She came of a respectable and financially comfortable family, who wasted upon her the costs of a good education at a university or a select finishing school — Fred Cornplow’s daughter in Mr. Sinclair Lewis’ *The Prodigal Parents* is typical of the breed, the indignant rebuttals of class-conscious book reviewers to the contrary notwithstanding. Her parents’ money rather than her scholastic ability kept her in school, where she was a flop, academically and socially. Too homely or sexually-frustrated to snare a man of her own station, and lacking in the brains necessary to doing the next best thing — prepare herself for a career — she seized upon the

Class Struggle as the only alternative to becoming an old maid. So she fell in with the campus Radical group: she read *Kapital*, skipping a great deal, to be sure, and emerged from it with the conviction that her father and mother were stupid *bourgeoisie*, if not actual Fascist villains. She read, too, the critical effusions of Comrade Granville Hicks and his chief stooge, the erudite Isidor Schneider, and learned that Melville, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Twain were sorry failures compared with Mike Gold, “Robert Forsythe”, and Comrades Hicks and Schneider, and that Clifford Odets was a greater playwright than Shakespeare.

As it became more and more apparent that not even the old man’s money could grease her path to graduation, she spent less and less time in classes. She had already decided, anyway, that the faculty was composed of senile asses, except for the young Pinkos who hewed to the Party line and wrote for the *Nation* and the *New Republic* in their spare moments. By this time she had made the grade with the campus Kremlin, by contributing liberally of her generous allowance from home, and was accepted as one of the Inner Circle. She wore her hair cut short, with bangs,

which made her look very Russian; and she affected horn-rimmed glasses, unpressed tweeds, and a beret. On gala occasions, such as the periodic "demonstrations" against "War and Fascism", or against faculty supervision of student activities, or against the "teachers' oath" bills introduced in the various legislatures, or against the imprisonment of the Red proto-martyr, Tom Mooney, and so on, she added to this ensemble a gay Russian blouse. This made for an effect that was rather weird, but authentically proletarian.

She sneered at the college sororities, which she failed to make, but joined all the Radical "youth movements", including the National Students League, the Student League for Industrial Democracy, the American Youth Congress, the Young Communist League, and spent much of her allowance in paying dues and the endless assessments necessary to finance the overthrow of the capitalistic Simon Legrees. The campus Commissars, of course, laughed at her behind her back, and it is reasonably certain that but for her plentiful supply of capitalist cash, they would have laughed in her face.

After two years, she was tossed out of school for scholastic defi-

ciencies or — if she was fortunate enough to have attended a sufficiently "reactionary" institution — for making a nuisance of herself on the library Barricades. In the latter case, she was hailed by the Comrades as a minor martyr, and probably was even mentioned editorially in the *New Masses*; in any case, she heard the Call and lit out for Moscow-on-the-Hudson, first, of course, wheedling from her Tory parents an allowance sufficient to take care of her comfortably until she "landed a job". It is not likely that she had the honesty to inform the old folks of her intellectual awakening, or that she was using their money to help the Downtrodden Strike Off Their Chains. There is a limit even to what doting parents will stand for, and they might have cut her off and made it necessary for her to get a job, actually.

Arriving in New York, she plunged into the Class Struggle — albeit with certain reservations. She knew a few people of course — fellow Comrades who had left school before her — and it was easy to get in the proletarian swim. But after taking one look at the tenements where the real Workers lived — though her blood boiled at the thought that such squalor was permitted to exist under Tory

capitalism — she shuddered at the thought of sharing their misery. Hence, she took an apartment in Greenwich Village. After all, she probably could serve the Revolution more effectively by boring from within among members of her own class. Too, she could give vent to the vague artistic yearnings, which, no matter how dubious, would find a ready audience among the spurious critics of the Left. If she could write, paint, act or play a musical instrument, however badly, she was a likely candidate for immortality by Marxian measurements, as she soon discovered. Strictures against hitting the wrong note, forgetting cues, ignorance of perspective and of grammar, she learned, were but the inventions of reactionary academicians to hamstring authentic Working-Class genius. Did she yearn to be a writer, for example, and did she doubt her ability to make the grade, she had but to glance through such a Leftist periodical as the Communist-sponsored *Woman Today* to be assured of her qualifications for the accolade. (Where, indeed, could you find worse writing?) And since the New Deal has undertaken the subsidy of all proletarian arts, there is ample opportunity to cash in, at least modestly, on the most star-

ting lack of ability. So our Intellectual Lady Comrade, although receiving an adequate remittance from home, was eased onto the Federal work-relief payroll by the Communists in charge, it having been impressed upon her that every dollar she took would bring the Dirty Capitalists a step nearer to bankruptcy. Then would Come The Day!

Sometimes, of course, the Lady Comrade of this type has managed to get an actual job through the old man's influence. In such instances, she practices the boring-from-within tactics as outlined for her by the Central Committee's contact boys, stirring up discontent among the other employees in an effort to get them to "organize", damaging stock, insulting customers, and doing whatever other mischief she can. Strangely enough, these matters rarely come to the attention of her employer; if such a thing does happen, and she gets the bounce, she summons reinforcements from the Union Square cafeterias and pickets the employer's premises for his being "unfair to organized labor". Such "strikes" are now an almost daily occurrence in New York.

As a rule, however, the Intellectual Lady Comrade does not work in private industry. Such jobs

require getting up early, and consume too much time that may be put to better use in Radical activities. These consist, in the main, of making brief appearances in whatever picket lines may be near at hand, of dropping into newsreel theaters to hiss Hitler, Mussolini, Franco, the Japs, the Republicans, the conservative Democrats, and similar villains, and of yammering for the numerous boycotts decreed by the *New Masses*, the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, and the *Daily Worker*. (This latter activity lately reached its ludicrous apogee in the campaign against Japanese silk, with the gals putting their silk stockings publicly to the torch while continuing to wear those articles of silk not generally exposed to the public view.) The Intellectual Lady Comrade's prime service to the Revolution, however, lies as always in her willingness to cough up for the innumerable shakedowns, whether to send a New York shyster down South to cinch the gallows for some blackamoor hauled in for rape, or to insure an adequate flow of gin at a proletarian shindig. Her usefulness as a missionary worker among members of her own class is virtually *non est*, save when she may corral a male as hopelessly mediocre and unattractive and emotion-

ally haywire as herself, and successfully proselytize him between rounds in the boudoir.

This would be well and good, since the lack of a love life, as I have hinted, was the original inspiration for her yen to Make America Over, but unluckily, the business of love is beset with obstacles. Chief among them is the fact that the freakish characteristics aforestated are not equitably distributed between the sexes, or at all events, do not so greatly handicap the male. One of Capitalism's ranking iniquities, as everyone knows, is that it provides a choice assortment of mercenary cuties for the pleasure of man, but makes no like concession to woman, whose need, in some instances, is even more acute. There is thus no necessity for a male, whatever his impedimenta, to pair off with a female who is at once a scarecrow and a fake Radical. For the uncomely nymphomaniac there are gigolos, true enough, but the Capitalist Society does not condone their employment, at least in this country. She has, then, but one way out, and that way lies Union Square and Greenwich Village, where Marxism is the True Gospel, and Free Love is its cardinal tenet. Here she will not likely meet with stiff competition, for the Left-

wing's ladies' auxiliary is notoriously barren of candidates for the *Follies*. There are those who have a certain voluptuousness, of course, but this quality tends to be somewhat asymmetric, and will not fetch the average Comrade half so quickly as Capitalist Gold.

There was one wild-eyed lass, I recall, who would appear at regular intervals in one of the Village bars with four male Comrades in tow. They would take a prominent table and proceed to get drunk on straight gin, which the girl would buy, and entertain the other customers with lurid descriptions of their weird design for living: the girl, I gathered, received \$50 a week from her family to stay away from her native Milwaukee, where she had created a city-wide scandal, and now was the communal mistress of the shaggy-haired quartet, whom she supported. It was her boast that three psychiatrists had pronounced her hopeless, and that she had come near to driving *them* crazy. This strange band stopped coming to the bar after awhile, and the bartender learned later that the Pride of Milwaukee, as this Amazon was wont to refer to herself, had dispensed with her pediculous entourage and had gone native, up in Harlem. Miscegenation, of course, bears the official sanction

of old Karl, though denounced by intelligent negroes, and the color-line is regarded by his latter-day apostles as being merely another instance of capitalistic Jim-Crowism. This undoubtedly has fetched scores of depraved white women into the fold, but the colored brother has, in most cases, retained a stolid indifference. He finds his own women vastly more enticing than the run of white Lady Comrades, and when he does consort with them, I dare say he does so chiefly to plume his own ego.

III

The Lady Comrade of the Gutter-snipe genre has not enjoyed the advantages falling to her more aristocratic sister, but it is a safe bet that she would have derived no greater benefit from them had they been available. She was reared as a rule in the Bronx, the Lower East Side, or in some whistle-stop in the Mid-West, and has attached herself to the Revolution because of her sheer unfitness and general disinclination for any useful endeavor. She also is ashamed of her parents, though for the somewhat different reason that they finally despaired of straightening her out, and sent her packing. She has, of course, renounced the name they gave her,

and now is known as Sonia, Tanya, Olga, or what not, as befits her recent Sovietization. Sub-moronic and hardly more than half-literate, under any sane dispensation she would be classed as a delinquent and dealt with accordingly; but by the New Deal's benevolent standards, she is classed as an employable in need, because of the machinations of the Sixty Families, and usually is on the WPA rolls at a substantially higher wage per month than she could earn by her own abilities in a year. This "job" takes but little of her time, and her ostensible duties may entail anything from modelling for the dreadful murals which adorn our rural post offices, to performing in the exhibitionistic "workers' dance groups". If she is not possessed of the scanty qualifications necessary for this outlandish boondoggling, she is on Relief and does just as well, if not better. The Fagins of the Left-wing "workers' unions" have taught her all the tricks of Relief chiseling — how to obtain extra money for special diets and medicines by simulating illness, how to pose as the wife of various male Comrades for cuts of their respective increased allowances, and so on.

The income thus "earned" may be augmented by selling the *Daily*

Worker for an hour or two each night, or by selling tickets, on a commission basis, to one or another of the Party's ceaseless "benefit" soirées. The chances are, however, that she finds the Roosevelt dole sufficient for her needs, which are of a simplicity in keeping with her I.Q. If she has her own living quarters (which is not always necessary since the Marxian Revelation permits, and even encourages, her drifting casually from the couch of one of the brethren to another) she shares the rent with several others; the food problem is disposed of in like manner. She spends no money for cosmetics, or even toilet articles, since her revolt against bourgeois customs extends even to the matter of personal appearance: in line with the philosophy that canonizes the Unwashed, she scorns not only the comb and brush, but soap and water as well. As for clothing, she needs but a single outfit, a phoney "worker's" uniform consisting of a leather wind-breaker and a corduroy skirt, both of which, from constant wearing, smell like a wet dog. Whether because of pure laziness, or whether in line with the Party tactic to discomfit the squeamish *bourgeoisie* in every way possible, the Moll of Marx, as a consequence, is the most repulsive creature currently on view, even in

metropolitan areas already noted for their unpleasant sights.

None the less, the Gentleman Comrades seem to find her not without charm, and she is always surrounded by admirers except, as I have pointed out, when filthy bourgeois lucre has its evil way, and they are lured uptown by some Sutton Place nymph with a bank roll. Then, too, the single standard prevails in Marxian circles, and our proletarian heroine is bound to no rules of constancy. If her Comrade "husband" of the moment feels the spreading antlers adorning his brow, he may not like it, but he can make no objection, so long as she has not taken up with a bourgeois or (God forbid!) a Trotskyite. The Comrades are incurable capitalists where money is concerned, but as regards women, they really believe in Communism: Sex is omnipotent, but jealousy is a trait of the accursed middle class. Still, considering the women they have, their tolerance is not at all surprising.

Aside from her duties as communal concubine, however, the Guttersnipe is a willing stooge on the Barricades, and does most of the dirty work while the males look on from across the street. She has no more idea of what Communism is all about than a Methodist

circuit rider has of the Thomistic synthesis, but she has a shrieking hatred for the Capitalist Society to which she is of no earthly use, but which notwithstanding supports her and treats her with tolerance. Although "anti-social" is her favorite of the class-struggle clichés she is given to parroting, she will herself commit theft, fraud, vandalism, perjury, sabotage, and numerous other offenses against this society, or in the phrase she has picked up, "The System". Given a few drinks and a pep talk from one of the cafeteria Commissars, she is capable of any designated mischief, particularly during the meleés resulting from "mass demonstrations". She has been known to break windows, tear clothing from innocent bystanders, attack customers of picketed establishments, kick, bite, scratch, and maim the cops, burn their horses with lighted cigarettes, and otherwise endanger lives and property, but, as I say, she nearly always gets off with a reprimand and a suspended sentence.

IV

Such, then, are the Brides of Marx: on the one hand, drab frustrates of the middle-class, inferior in intelligence even to the mountebanks who take their money and laugh;

on the other, amoral little tramps who ought to be in houses of detention. There may be exceptions, but in more than five years of living in apartment houses that fairly swarmed with them, of eating in their restaurants, watching their demonstrations, and even, on several occasions, attending their social functions, I have yet to discover them. One and all, they conform to the same sorry pattern, save for slight differences in age or physique. How even the Comrades can tolerate them remains a mystery, unless you fall back on the old saw that says "there is a boy for every girl", with the added consideration that the Apollo-like hero of proletarian fiction is equally bogus. To be sure, *l'amour* stirs the embattled proletariat even as it stirs the Princes of Entrenched Greed, if not more so: tune in on a conversation of Radical intellectuals with their heads together over tea and *bagels*, and what will you hear? Well, they *may* be plotting to grab the government tomorrow, when first you begin to listen, but give them ten minutes. If the discussion by that time has not turned to sex, leave them and

seek another group, for you are not among authentic Comrades—they are probably Trotskyites.

Every revolutionary army, I grant you, has had its quota of female campfollowers. In the French and American struggles some of these damsels distinguished themselves on the Barricades as well as in the barracks: their fame survives to this day, in history, in legend, and as co-founders of several eminent families. No such distinction seems likely, however, to attach itself to the Female Communist. True, she is more often *enceinte* than not, but happily for posterity, her social philosophy has ratified abortion.

As for establishing how many of these emetic culls are actual members of the Communist Party, I can't tell you, although few, if any, have a hand in running the Kremlin's imported show. In the main, the Lady Comrade is a mere hanger-on of Earl Browder's circus, serving no purpose other than those I have mentioned.

In this latter respect, if in no other, the Communists would seem to be immeasurably more astute than Dr. Roosevelt.



WHY CHANGE AMERICA?

BY GORDON CARROLL

OF THE many revelations now being peddled in these United States, the noisiest and the most popular is that which gloats over America's evil past, her underprivileged present, and her hopeless future. We are surrounded by prophets of doom, each of whom leads an army of wet-eyed converts. We are harassed by disciples of reform, each of whom is certain that he, and he alone, holds the key to Utopia. Today, and every day, we are warned through press, radio, school, pulpit, and movies that America must promptly change her ways — or else.

In the face of such loose-lipped talk it appears time to make a suggestion to the propagandists and their parrots. The suggestion is this: Why not devote a few moments to examining America *as it actually is*? For example, what sort of country do we live in; how does it compare to foreign nations; where do we stand in the scale of world civilization? What are the achievements of our system of private enterprise, of our government

of checks and balances? It is true that catastrophe and chaos encircle us? If changes must be made in our national way of living, where shall they originate and what shall be their portent? In brief, what are the facts about this country of ours, that Liberals, Radicals, Communists, and New Dealers analyze, criticize, propagandize — and victimize? The *facts*, if you please.

Well, to begin with, the United States contains six per cent of the world's area and seven per cent of its population. Trivial figures, you say? They are indeed. Yet oddly enough this same seven per cent of the world's population, this unfortunate United States, consumes 72 per cent of the world's silk, 69 per cent of its petroleum, 56 per cent of its rubber, 53 per cent of its tin, 48 per cent of its coffee, 36 per cent of its coal, 21 per cent of its sugar, and comparable percentages of other commodities. A remarkable achievement for a nation teetering on the rim of disaster, isn't it?

The United States owns 80 per cent of the world's automobiles and

33 per cent of its railroads. The United States also produces 70 per cent of the world's oil, 60 per cent of its wheat and cotton, 50 per cent of its copper and pig-iron, 40 per cent of its lead and coal, and comparable percentages of other commodities. Is this plausible proof of the imminence of chaos?

The United States possesses almost \$11,000,000,000 in gold — nearly half the world's supply. More than 60 per cent of the world's banking facilities are in our hands. The report of the Comptroller of Currency for the last fiscal year, on June 30, 1937, showed \$60,000,000,000 in deposits in the nation's banks. The purchasing power of our population is greater than all Europe — and, just for good measure, greater than that of a billion citizens of the teeming Asiatic countries. Does this indicate that the break-down of the capitalist system is just around the corner?

The United States owns 17,500,000 telephones, one for every 7.3 persons. Over 65,000,000 conversations are held every day; twenty-four billion calls are handled yearly. (In three foreign Utopias, the figures are dismally different. Germany owns only 3,431,100 telephones; Soviet Russia, 1,230,000; and Italy, 537,093.) For every one

of the 127,000,000 people in America, the railroads move $5\frac{1}{2}$ tons of freight each year, so that you may have in your home the necessities and luxuries of civilization. To handle this business, the railroads operate 2,000,000 freight cars, which travel twenty billion miles annually. In between times, the railroads also carry 450,000,000 passengers yearly for a distance of nineteen billion passenger-miles. Yet supplementing the railways are some four million trucks, which in 1935 (a Depression year) carried freight an estimated twenty billion ton-miles; and there are the buses, numbering 45,000, which transport 3,000,000 long-haul passengers per annum. (Germany owns 17,294 buses; Italy, 9764; and Russia, 1986.) If you are interested in such things as personal cleanliness, you will be glad to learn that our *per capita* consumption of soap is twenty pounds per year, and of water, forty gallons per person per day. To help in this clean-up campaign, 1,000,000 bath-tubs are installed yearly, and proportionate numbers of other fixtures. (In the Soviet Wonderland, currently hailed as the Eden of the race, plumbing fixtures are rare as diamonds, soap production is a minor industry, and water is something that only flows in rivers.) Every

other wired house in America has an electric washing machine; 97 out of 100 have electric irons; 48 out of 100 vacuum cleaners; and on January 1, 1938, there were 23,804,300 homes in America equipped with radio sets. (Germany possesses 8,511,959 radios; the Soviet Union, 2,300,000; and Italy, 329,196.) There are 4.1 persons in the average American family, and there is an automobile for every 4.8 persons. In Italy, gasoline costs 80 cents a gallon; in Germany, 53; in France, 52; in the United Kingdom, 31; and in the United States, 19. The 1936 registration of passenger cars in America totaled 24,197,685, in Germany, 1,108,433, and in Italy, 295,055. That same year, Soviet Russia, by employing the Stakhanovist speed-up, one of the Five-Year Plans, the OGPU, and the ghost of Karl Marx, produced 138,400 motor vehicles. And in 1937, the same gargantuan efforts produced 17,000 passenger cars, if the official Soviet figures can be trusted.

The anti-America propagandists have also overlooked a few other items of interest. Among the many articles and commodities used every day by the "underprivileged" citizens of the United States, we might cite the following: razor blades, tires, electric bulbs, books,

tools, newspapers, shoes, ink, rugs, magazines, batteries, films, golf balls, hats, rubber heels, cutlery, skates, baseballs, seeds, ammunition, shovels, fencing, neckties, chairs, chocolate, postage stamps, typewriters, chewing gum, toothpaste, beer, garters, athletic goods, collars, slippers, desks, sofas, handkerchiefs, mattresses, liquor, towels, glue, suitcases, raincoats, sweaters, cans, sheets, jewelry, socks, crackers, lawn-mowers, canoes, kennels, egg-beaters, sleds, kodaks, mouse-traps, cigarettes, refrigerators, screens, beds, furnaces, bookcases, shingles, cement, scissors, pipes, tractors, cigars, stockings, sewing machines, candy, radiators, fur coats, medicines, and countless thousands of other articles without which the average America would consider himself miserable. All these are made in more quantity, or more cheaply, or more efficiently in the United States than anywhere else on earth.

But why continue with figures and statistics? The truth of the matter is that no other country on the planet ever has created or ever can create such a standard of living. No other nation possesses the resources, the incentive, the ingenuity, and the enthusiasm. Nowhere, at any time, by any people, under any government, under any

political system, have such strides been made as in this bitterly-criticized America.

Yet today, in the year of our Lord 1938, those in control of the United States Government declare that the system which built America is unsound, wasteful, vicious, and criminal. And what is their solution for this miserable state of affairs? Why, an adoption of the combined best features of foreign governments. And what are those governments? Why, chiefly those of Soviet Russia, Germany, and Italy.

Soviet Russia's contribution to civilization the past twenty years has been an unparalleled record of czarism, bureaucracy, brutality, collectivization, famine, inefficiency, sabotage, convict-labor, firing squads, war-mongering, atheism, and murder by mock trial. Is there any feature of Dictator Stalin's government which would prove beneficial to America?

Germany's contribution to civilization the past twenty years has been an unparalleled record of civil war, inflation, racial persecution, blood-purges, convict-labor, armament, frozen currency, collectivization, saber-rattling, treaty-breaking, and diplomatic conspiracy. Is there any feature of Dictator Hitler's government which would

prove beneficial to America?

Italy's contribution to civilization the past twenty years has been an unparalleled record of autocracy, imperialism, confiscatory taxes, collectivization, Fascist propaganda, youth conscription, terrorism, armament, castor oil, intervention in foreign wars, and inflation. Is there any feature of Dictator Mussolini's government which would prove beneficial to America?

The answer to all these queries is NO. Yet those in control of the United States Government at this moment are drafting, legislating, or enforcing laws whose motivation and origin stem directly from these self-same foreign brands of collectivization. Is this, then, what you mean when you say that America must change her ways or disaster will overtake us? Do you honestly want to live under a combined Russian-German-Italian government? Must we actually scrap the political, economic, and social structure under which we have lived safely and prosperously for 150 years? If we make all the "vital" changes that are being whooped up on every side by the propagandists, will we genuinely be any better off?

Think it over, ladies and gentlemen.

ARE DOGS PEOPLE?

BY BERTHA Y. BURRILL

THE annual dog bill of this country is estimated at close to \$600,000,000, a sum to command respect even in these days of astronomical spending. Dogs, in fact, have become a major American industry, giving employment to thousands of breeders, veterinarians, food manufacturers, and producers of countless adjuncts to the existence, aid, and comfort of the species. With all this I have no quarrel, for I like dogs, and what is more, they like me. I have been the happy owner of several, and I know at first-hand what it means to have that unquestioning devotion, unswerving loyalty, and unreserved acceptance. (It is wonderful to be a god to something.) And if some people would rather have a dog than a baby, that is strictly their business. And even if they think dogs *are* babies, all I ask is that they keep them in that category, and claim for them no more rights or privileges than are accorded other infants. Otherwise, the irresistible force meets the immovable object.

Take, for instance, the simple example of dogs as a conversational hazard. Like most suburbanites, I am family-minded. I am interested in the croups, colics, doings, diets, cute sayings, adenoids, and tonsils of all the neighborhood babies. But also, I have had to become resigned to dogs that just won't eat their spinach, that understand everything you say ("My dear, we have to *spell each word!*"), to dogs that have just been washed and therefore you can't, etc. So when my attempt to make four hearts, doubled and vulnerable, is held up for a recital, with gestures, of *How We Wormed Fido*, to an audience hanging spellbound on every syllable, I confess to a considerable wonder as to Fido's exact position in our cosmos.

Our neighborhood has a large dog population, and whenever I wander abroad or glance from the window, I see some of my friends walking the dog. Now if I should take my year-old infant up and down the streets and along the neighbors' flower-borders and

hedges for the commission of acts which are the avowed purpose of the dogs' promenade, I should quite properly be brought up for disorderly conduct. But my neighbors, fastidious about their persons and their houses, not only permit but actually encourage Fido to make all the surrounding walks and lawns an offense to the senses and a hazard to the walker. And further, why are the amours of dogs accepted as seemly? Our block boasts a canine belle of such potency that periodically a crowd of visiting boy-friends spills over into all the adjacent yards, and we are thereupon surrounded by a mob of frenzied, snarling, fighting suitors, with occasional illustrations of the facts of life which I find difficult to explain to my observant little bright-eyes.

I live in a suburb where the men make the long trip to town and back each day, and in other ways pay roundly to insure their families the advantages of peaceful surroundings. No peddlers are allowed on our streets; auto horns are frowned upon; the milkman comes with rubber-shod feet; children are enjoined to play with a minimum of whooping. Yet my neighbors leave their dogs tied in the yard to yelp and howl for hours on end; one dog barks all day and every

day — an incessant, shrill yelp, no more to be ignored than a cinder in the eye. At last, after days of suffering in silence, I humbly inquired (the only attitude where dogs are concerned) if something could be done to make the animal happier. His owner bristled with resentment, and stated in no uncertain terms that he paid his taxes and he guessed his dog had a right to bark if it wanted to . . . which it has and does. I pay taxes too, but does that give my children the right to pound a tin pan under my neighbor's window for twelve hours a day? I wonder.

In addition to being required to play quietly, our children are taught not to damage the carefully landscaped lawns of the neighborhood. But are dogs obliged to observe the same restraints? Not so you could notice it. If you don't want your flower beds dug up and your expensive evergreens ruined, you have the privilege of putting up a dog-proof fence — if there is such a thing. My next-door neighbor keeps no dogs, but goes in heavily for gardens, especially for lilies and delphiniums, on which she lavishes thought, money, and no end of back-aching labor. Last June her garden was a pageant of loveliness that other gardeners came on long pilgrimages to see;

scores of tall stately stalks swayed majestically under the weight of perfumed, snowy bloom; the delphinium border was a heaven of incredible blue plumes. The garden clubs were to make their annual visit on a certain day, and any garden-clubber knows what that means: the garden and lawns had been trimmed, shampooed, and groomed to the last measure of perfection; every blade of the creeping bent had been bent the same way; the garden was a lovely spot, God wot, and just the place, opined a neighbor's Great Dane, to have it out at long last with that pair of pesky Airedales from the next block. The first three rounds were fought in the lily bed, whose owner happened to be in the shower at the moment. The terrific chorus of yelps and snarls brought her to the scene as soon as was decently possible, along with the alarmed owners of the dogs. The delphinium border was now the scene of carnage, and from here the dog-lovers hauled their darlings and looked them over with deep concern. Then one of them voiced the general relief. "Thank Heaven, we got here in time. There's no harm done."

"No harm done?" echoed the gardener, gazing at the prostrate lilies and delphiniums.

"Oh, that!" said the Great Dane's mamma (self-termed). "Why, that's too bad, but dogs will be dogs, you know."

They say that quite often, but do they believe it? At times, the dogs themselves seem to be in doubt. For instance, one of my friends has a magnificent police dog which she calls Laddie. Laddie's behavior is all his sugary name implies. But when he meets me at the door and quietly offers his paw in dignified greeting, I wonder at this deep thwarting of nature's intentions. Laddie has a great wolf-like body, filled with steel springs, meant for joyous gallops over wide country, for tireless trotings, for stealthy approaches and sudden swift leapings. But all the exercise he has ever known is a sedate stroll along shaded streets, personally conducted, and with, of course, the inevitable pauses, which are Laddie's only reversion to type. Does Laddie, having been taught to put aside doggish things and to act as a gentleman, feel a humiliation at his complete lack of privacy in these matters? Sometimes I think he does. In fact, I often wonder what Laddie thinks he is. So far as I can gather, he believes himself to be a sort of four-legged man, grave, responsible, and dignified, except in circumstances

over which he has no control. And finally, I wonder if Laddie wouldn't rather be a real honest-to-goodness dog, instead of the best imitation-man any dog could be?

Is it a kindness to try to make dogs people? Take for instance the snow-white Sealyham twins, Gin and Bitters, which, or who, are the prized possession of one of our charming debutantes. They are indeed cute, and I suppose most people would consider them lucky dogs. They are washed and plucked and brushed within an inch of their lives. Their diet is prescribed by a high-priced vet. Their daily routine of meals, exercise, and rest is followed as carefully as that of a pair of princelings. They have beautiful manners. They take their airings in a handsome car, in which they look very smart and are greatly admired. And when they are tired, if ever, they sleep in their owner's boudoir, in specially-designed twin beds, fitted out by a gifted interior decorator in the exact shades of cream and white to go with their type. In fact, they are being brought up as much as possible like babies, and for their short lives of ten or twelve years, they are being taught the manners and observances which we make the foundation for threescore and ten. Maybe *you* think they are

lucky dogs, but *I* have looked into their eyes . . . and take it from me, they are just a couple of anxious, bewildered, frustrated little mutts, who aren't allowed to be dogs and aren't able to be people.

Then there is Mr. Z, who wouldn't know a rifle from a pop-gun, but who owns a hunting dog of purest ray serene, which has not even a flea to hunt, and comes nearer to dying of boredom than any creature I know of. Another family in my suburb has a coach dog—why, I can't imagine, this being a breed developed for speed and endurance; and all this dog has to endure is an inordinate number of baths and an over-rich diet, while his speed is regulated by that of his mistress, who never lets him off the leash, and who is geared, I should say, to about five miles per week. Another case history, not quite so sad, is that of the large bowlegged bulldog across the street. His appearance suggests such titles as Invincible, Invictus, or General; but since his owners have been denied offspring, it is their pleasure to address him as Sonny. Sonny, alas, was accidentally dropped into cold water in his puppyhood (excuse me—babyhood) and is now unconquerably conditioned against getting wet. With his breed, unconquer-

able takes on new vistas of meaning. So on rainy days, interested beholders are enabled to see Sonny's gentle mistress solicitously holding a large umbrella over him while she escorts him out to meet a few trees.

All of which reminds me, by contrast, of the life led by the dogs on our old farm. Their collective name should have been Alice, for they had all the Benbolt qualities that give the real kick to owning a dog. They wept with delight when you gave them a smile, and trembled with fear at your frown, though frowns rarely darkened their horizon. They never had to be wormed; they never heard of cod-liver oil or "boughten" rations; they ate table scraps with joy and gratitude, and if their diet was somewhat lopsided, they foraged in the fields and balanced it for themselves; if they got out of sight of the house they knew the way home and didn't have to be expensively advertised and retrieved by a reward; they were never stolen, for their pedigrees, alas, were such a rail fence of bars sinister as the imagination boggles at. We had never heard of blue ribbons, and the qualities we valued in a dog — usefulness, faithfulness, affection, devotion, even to the death — these little mongrels had, heaped up and

running over. True, they led a dog's life (which I still contend is the proper life for a dog) and no one ever dreamed of trying to make people of them. They were nice, intelligent, sweet-tempered little brutes. They occupied a certain definite place in our world, and neither they nor we ever considered them entitled to any other.

II

Aristocratic, high-bred, and finely pedigreed as our village dogs are, there is nevertheless a homeless proletariat roaming at large, and we have lately been having a severe outbreak of rabies all over the county. During a period of four months, more than forty people have been treated for rabies in our village alone, which means that the offending dogs have been observed and found to be infected. In addition, a great number of other people were treated for plain dog-bite, which is not considered to be anything one should mind or complain of. Yet a person, especially a child, as most of these were, who has endured the pain, shock, and suspense of such an experience, may not look upon it with such complacency. And the Pasteur treatment, besides being painful, tedious, and expensive (the dog's

owner is not legally liable, and isn't that something?) is not always successful. If the bite is on or near the head, the virus may reach the brain before the treatment can act, in which case the victim is doomed to a horrible death.

The situation in our suburb became alarming with several deaths, and finally a county-wide quarantine was proclaimed, no dog being allowed on the streets except on leash. One would think that in a community like ours, full of children, this measure would be acclaimed, for quarantine is no novelty to most of us. I remember one siege of scarlet fever when my four youngsters never left the yard for eight long weeks . . . whooping cough kept us in nearly as long . . . and any family hereabouts can tell the same story. We submitted uncomplainingly for the public good. But not so the dog-owners! The police station was the scene of constant and acrimonious argument, the village telephone became an instrument of debate and abuse, and the dog-catcher had more trouble with rabid owners than with rabid dogs. Household pets, loudly complaining and complained of, were kept at home, and the streets were rapidly cleared of tramps and strays, which were put on permanent relief in a famous

dog-refuge situated in an exclusive suburban area not far from our village. This has large and beautifully wooded grounds, and well-designed buildings. The original outlay must have been considerable, and the man in charge told me that it costs about \$800 a month for running expenses. This insures the comfort of a large number of dogs, most of them acquired from the pounds of adjacent villages, though there is a sprinkling of old or ill-tempered beasts taken there by their owners. I asked the attendant if many of the strays were found to have rabies. "Oh," said he, shocked, "we don't believe in rabies here!" So phooey to you, M. Pasteur. . . .

He went on to say, however, that the hopelessly ill or mean ones are "put to sleep" gently and expensively, a thought that will bring comfort to many a dog-lover as he sits down to a steak from a steer that was brutally knocked on the head after a long and painful journey in a cattle car, or as he is served a rasher from a pig which passed screaming down the merciless trolley of the stock yards to the *coup de grâce* of the pigsticker. Consistency being the vice of small minds, I do not expect these broad-minded people to demand the same merciful "putting to sleep" for aged

horses that find their last home in a can of dog food. And I wouldn't waste my breath hinting that \$800 per month put into a student fund in the nearby State university would go a long way toward preparing a number of brilliant young minds for a long career of usefulness. Or that the place itself, with its woodland beauty, quiet surroundings, and fresh air, would be a splendid retreat where weak human bodies might gain strength. Such suggestions would merely precipitate an outbreak of the hysteria which is the outward and visible sign of a determination to maintain at any cost the thesis that dogs are people. I wish we could get it settled once and for all whether they are or are not. If they are not, if they are just animals—like horses and cattle and sheep—then let them be treated as such, with kindness, with consideration, with appropriate affection. But also let them be kept in their place, as these others are kept in *their* places.

If, on the other hand, dogs are people, then treat them as people; feed them viosterol and orange

juice; give them the best chair in the living room; be as tenderly watchful of their welfare as of your children's; put the aged and indigent on Relief; and allow the worthless and useless to outbreed the worthy and useful. *But . . .* be consistent. Make them observe the canons of good taste and decency just as other people do. Is your three-year-old child allowed to greet all visitors with deafening whoops and yells, or to jump and drool all over them, or to spoil their silk stockings? Then thumbs down on that for Fido. Do you permit your children to ruin your neighbor's evergreens, or to dig up his flower beds, or to scream and howl in the yard day and night? Do you take your family into the street or on the neighbors' lawns to answer the calls of nature? Do you conduct your courtships and marital affairs in the glare of the spotlight or street-light? Do you . . .?

Either dogs are dogs, or they are people. I'm tired of the assumption that they are entitled to all the privileges of human beings if they are to observe none of the accompanying restraints.



SOVIETIZING OUR MERCHANT MARINE

BY HAROLD LORD VARNEY

WHEN an Englishman crosses the Atlantic, he sails on the *Queen Mary*; a Frenchman selects the *Normandie*; an Italian prefers the *Rex*; a German takes the *Europa*. But when a wise American traveler prepares to embark for Europe, it is not often that he considers engaging passage on an American ship. Of course his preference for the luxury liners has always had a great deal to do with this choice: but more recently the voyager has been forced to the sad conclusion that the American flag flying from a liner's stern may also mean insolent service from an unruly and untrustworthy crew. By booking passage on an *alien* vessel, he is assured that he will enjoy all the privileges which, in the days when America's merchant marine was supreme, were the heritage of our seafaring people.

In 1936 only eight per cent of the 679,000 passengers in trans-Atlantic travel sailed on American liners. Of the \$124,000,000 spent by American citizens for tickets and accommodations, only \$12,000,000

reached the coffers of American lines. What has brought about this contempt for the United States on the high seas? In contrast to American successes in every other field of technological competition, our abject failure in the maritime industry seems inexplicable. While it is admittedly an over-simplification to disregard other contributory influences — among them the extreme difficulties of competitive operation by the well-intentioned American shipping companies — one outstanding cause of the present eclipse is plainly discernible: the factor of Radicalized labor.

Unfortunately, this factor does not lend itself to simple remedying. It is enmeshed hopelessly with politicalized New Deal policies. It is encouraged by the inflexibilities of the Wagner Act. It is complicated by an embittered internecine struggle between the Committee for Industrial Organization and the American Federation of Labor. It is intensified by the destructive influence of Communism, now paramount in nearly all CIO mari-

time unions. Above all, it is the inescapable consequence of twenty years of steady decline in the quality of American marine labor, in which we have seen the old-time deep-sea sailor replaced largely by foreign-born or Communist-recruited newcomers. No merchant marine can be stronger than the men who operate its ships.

Let us examine this labor situation, brought so spectacularly to national attention in the recent *Algic* sit-down case, and in the startling evidence of witnesses before the Copeland Committee at Washington. It is not a pleasant picture for the American people to contemplate. Insubordinate seamen, union-cowed shipmasters, union delegates countermanding orders of officers, passengers insulted and, in some cases, assaulted by drunken and union-card-waving sailors, shipping schedules disrupted by incessant sit-downs, safety-at-sea jeopardized by inefficient crews forced upon the ships by the CIO "rotation" system, discipline undermined by continuous Communist agitation — such are some of the backdrops of the present tragi-farce being enacted on our merchant ships. Union coercion stalks the decks of our liners on the high seas and reduces the once-absolute master to a tem-

porizer with CIO insubordination. Where the new Communist-controlled unions are in the saddle, a Soviet system of domination by CIO ship committees has fatally demoralized that discipline without which the hope of an American merchant marine is vain.

While there has doubtless been some controversial exaggeration on the subject, it is impossible to wave aside the immense amount of evidence which has poured in upon the Copeland Committee. Repeatedly it has been brought out that, under CIO conditions, there are now two centers of authority on the ship at sea: the commissioned officers and the union ship-delegates. "The new unionism functions right on the ship," we are told by William Z. Foster, Communist Party chief, who described his experiences on a CIO-manned ship on a recent trip to Russia. "The NMU members meet regularly aboard in general mass assembly and in department meetings to take up their business, and they have a well-organized ship's committee, properly departmentalized, which deals daily with the commanding officers over questions of various sorts. The ship's committee has full recognition. Grievances or other business of the men are taken up and disposed of immediately on

the spot." Mr. Foster might also have mentioned that these "committees" have the power to try and fine seamen who do not conform to union decisions, as well as to intervene in matters of ship discipline. A recent demand of the NMU upon the lines would actually require a passenger who makes a complaint to the officers against a crew member to submit the complaint in writing to the NMU committee, thus placing the burden of proof upon the passenger. There can be no question in the mind of the seaman as to who is the actual boss on the ship. One ship's captain testified before the Senate Committee as follows:

I have seen lookouts aloft so drunk that we were afraid to remove them from the crow's nest for fear of falling down. I have seen men at the wheel so drunk that they have turned the wheel the wrong way in their stupor, thereby endangering other ships as well as their own: elevator boys that trap young girls in the elevators to make advances to them: waiters in the dining room accosting young girls while eating: waiters that preach unionism and Communism to their passengers at meal times: waiters that intimidate passengers against being late to meals so that the latter are afraid to partake of a cocktail before dinner: kitchen help that urinate in the main galley during meal hours, with a toilet only fifty feet away: sailors that smoke cigarettes, pipes, and even cigars wherever they work: sailors that smoke aloft and expecto-

rate below without regard for the passengers. I have seen engine-men that raise their clenched fist in a Communist salute during boat drill, while others boast that "the Hammer and Sickle will be flying from the staff in a couple of years": a master-of-arms (ship's policeman) while on night watch, becoming drunk and familiar with female passengers on the open deck, entering into arguments with passengers and assaulting them: stewardesses that complain because they are forbidden to attend the movies with first-class passengers: barkeepers that, under the influence of liquor, knock on stateroom doors of elderly ladies and request admittance: crews that complain of too many boat drills: and crews that want to put their captain on trial because his discipline is unnecessary.

Why do the masters permit such indiscipline aboard ship? Unfortunately, they have no recourse if they wish to hold their jobs. Technically, their owners are bound to sustain them in disciplinary controversies with the crew. Actually, the captains know that if they incur the ill-will of the ship delegates, the union will indicate to their owners upon return that its members no longer wish to ship under this master, and the owners, fearful of costly sit-downs and tie-ups, will play safe by substituting another captain. Adding to the captain's difficulty is the fact that he cannot always depend upon the loyalty of his officers: their unions are now also affiliated with the CIO.

It is admittedly an impossible situation. American ships, operating in competitive sea lanes, cannot expect to attract passengers when the discipline and service is so markedly inferior to that of foreign lines. More important yet, the destruction of the authority of the shipmaster is a threat to sea safety which only the most irresponsible government would tolerate. The *Morro Castle* disaster was an unforgettable demonstration of the importance of the human element.

Probably the root cause of this revolutionary disorder is the fact — unrealized by the public — that maritime labor, outside the few AFL units which Joseph P. Ryan and Paul Scharrenberg have succeeded in maintaining, is today the advance guard of Stalinism in the American labor movement. Ship-owners face a labor leadership openly Communist in its inspiration. Such leadership desires not peace and stability, but demoralizing class-war which, with its ruin, will hasten the day of socialization. To understand how this situation, so threatening to our national-defense policy, has come upon us, it will be enlightening to sketch the events leading to the present deadlock. The hegemony of the Communists is not an overnight achievement.

II

Prior to the Depression, the behavior of labor was a fairly predictable factor in merchant-marine planning. The workers — both sea-going and waterfront — were organized in AFL unions which recognized the mutuality of interest between employer and employee. The AFL leaders, while often intractable in specific disagreements, discouraged any labor action which would be injurious to the industry as a whole. Malcontents — first the Wobblies and then the Communists — were given short shrift. Two colorful figures, the late Andy Furuseth and Joseph P. Ryan, dominated the stage during this period, and checkmated all Red moves. Against this pair, the organized opposition of the Leftists was contemptible.

The Depression upset this balance. Unemployment increased so appallingly that AFL leaders found themselves losing their grip over their members. Many short-sighted employers, unmindful of the fact that destruction of AFL leaders would open the door to Communist successors, began a merciless cutting of wages. Able-bodied seamen whose scale had been \$86 a month in 1920, at the apex of Furuseth's power, were

forced down to \$61.50 by 1931. At the same time the Communists began to show glimmerings of a new intelligence. They began to infiltrate the AFL organizations. To safeguard against expulsion, they adopted the new strategy of denying their Communism and of describing themselves as the "Rank and File".

The first considerable success under this new "Party Line" was attained in San Francisco. Since the disastrous strike of 1919, Ryan's International Longshoremen's Association had been shut out of the waterfront. In 1932, a mysterious group made its appearance on the Embarcadero, distributing among the longshoremen a crude mimeographed paper—the *Waterfront Worker*. After the enactment of the NRA with its protecting Section 7a, the *Waterfront Worker* group came out into the open and quickly signed up several hundred "dock-walloppers" in an ILA local. Ryan chartered the local. He never made a greater mistake.

Among this group was a beak-nosed, unimpressive Australian who was known to his fellow-longshoremen as an erratic fellow, much in the company of Communist Party members. His name was Harry Bridges.

In an article of this length it is

possible only to summarize the extraordinary sequence of events which, in five years, has elevated the colorless Bridges to the most strategic position ever attained by a Stalinist in the American labor movement. Already a Left-wing writer¹ has hailed Bridges as "a man who is destined to take his place with Bill Haywood and Gene Debs". His rise has been a miracle of opportunism. So obscure that during the first year of the union's life he did not even reach officer's rank, he found his chance when the strike of 1934 precipitated him into the chairmanship of the strike committee. When Ryan came to San Francisco to take charge of the strike, Bridges organized the rank and file to howl him off the platform. The momentum of the partial success of this first strike enabled Bridges to sweep aside, first the Ryan president of the local union, and then the president of the Pacific ILA district. As district president, he made a bid for leadership of the whole ILA organization, but Ryan defeated him in the national convention. Bridges then took his district out of the ILA and affiliated it with the CIO. Simultaneously, he launched a Pacific Coast Maritime Federation, em-

¹ Robert Holmes, the *New Masses*, Feb. 23, 1937.

bracing all the marine unions, with himself as president. His next upward step was to be appointed by John L. Lewis as CIO director of the Pacific Coast.

Meanwhile, he was successfully carrying the fight to the AFL on the Atlantic Coast by wrecking the old International Seamen's Union. In 1935, this union had succeeded in negotiating three-year exclusive contracts with most of the Atlantic lines. The shortsighted ship-owners, however, made the mistake of insisting on a monthly scale which, for A.B. seamen, was \$5 below Pacific Coast pay. Hudson and his co-workers had already deployed their former MWIU members in the various AFL unions, and were directing a continuous agitation among the seamen from New York Communist headquarters.

To precipitate a revolt they needed a dramatic incident — and a non-Communist leader to act as an obedient “front”. They found this leader in Joseph Curran who, presumably at the prompting of Bridges, staged the *S.S. California* sit-down strike at San Pedro on March 3, 1936. Curran made his first successful headline bid by his publicized long-distance call to Madame Perkins from San Pedro. Returning to New York, he found that the Communists had organ-

ized an elaborate demonstration to greet him as a labor hero. When Secretary Roper had papers prepared to enforce the mutiny laws against him and to nip this new practice of sit-downs, it was Madame Perkins who dissuaded the Commerce Department from such action. Defying their AFL officials, the Communist group precipitated a strike which tied up the New York waterfront for two months.

That the Curran strike was a frank Communist maneuver, directed by the self-effacing Red, Roy Hudson, was obvious from the cast which quickly assembled around Curran. A “Citizens Committee for Striking Seamen” sprang into action under the chairmanship of Eugene P. Connelly, who had worked with the Stalinites in a number of previous programs. A series of publicity stunts was organized by Representative Vito Marcantonio, who was later to be elected by the Communists as the president of their International Labor Defense. Comrade Heywood Broun began to make strike speeches. Communist mobsters, trained in fur-and-garment-industry street fights, began terrorizing the seamen, over 200 cases of assault being reported by the ISU at the end of the first three weeks. Despite all this sound and fury,

Curran's "Rank and File" were badly defeated in the strike and returned to work. But unfortunately for the AFL officers, the Communists had utilized the strike to put together such a disciplined machine that it did not disintegrate after defeat.

One reason for its survival was that the Leftists had a further hope to hold out to the seamen. It was possible, they promised, to win by government aid what they had not succeeded in winning by striking. Mrs. Elinore M. Herrick, New York Regional Director of the National Labor Relations Board, soon demonstrated what politics could accomplish. During the ensuing months, Mrs. Herrick acted "as the virtual business agent" for Curran's faction, Paul Scharrenberg has declared. When, despairing of capturing the official AFL, they formed a rival organization — the National Maritime Union — Mrs. Herrick put pressure upon the subsidized lines to give them an equal number of passes to go aboard ships and contact the crews, despite the fact that the AFL held contracts with the operators. Under the pressure of constant Curran sit-down strikes, and indirectly of the NLRB, several of the large lines scrapped their agreements with the Federation and signed NMU

crews. How Mrs. Herrick justified this flouting of collective bargaining was explained in the *New York Times* as follows:

Mrs. Elinore M. Herrick indicated that she considered the contract binding only if the union were able to supply men to keep the ships operating. The insurgents had demonstrated their ability to tie up the ships, it was pointed out.

Having thus made it possible for the Radical faction to entrench themselves on the ships, it was not surprising that they swamped the AFL when Labor Board elections were held. Ryan, in his testimony before the Copeland Committee, told of one incident when Mrs. Herrick went upon the docks to ascertain that there was no interference with the Curran men, and, meeting Curran and Thomas Ray there, asked publicly to see "my boys". Naturally such demonstrations of government favor for the Radicals influenced votes.

As a result of the elections, the NMU is now the controlling factor on the Atlantic Coast. It has won elections on forty lines, large and small. It claims a membership of 50,000, and while this is doubtless exaggerated, 20,000 members cast votes in its recent union referendum. Affiliated now with the CIO, it is the wheelspoke of four other major marine unions which have

followed it into the CIO, forming an Atlantic Coast Maritime Federation on the model of Bridges' Pacific body. This has brought into a single unit with the seamen the unions of masters, mates, and pilots, of radio operators, of firemen and oilers, and of marine engineers.

Having thus succeeded in balking the AFL in the East, Bridges now proceeded to complete his task by amalgamating all these CIO affiliates into a single industrial union of East and West Coast units. Confident of his ability to effect this merger, Bridges called a unity conference in San Francisco on January 19, 1938. His success would have seen the establishment of a powerful Bridges machine of 150,000 members, dominating American shipping on both oceans. The future of the merchant marine would have been at the mercy of a man — generally considered to be a Communist Party member — who is not even an American citizen.

Paradoxically enough, this Bridges scheme was wrecked by another Leftist — Harry Lundeberg. A former IWW, Lundeberg had seized control of the Pacific Coast Seamen's Union when it left the AFL in 1934. A strong personality, Lundeberg soon chafed in his role of understudy to Bridges.

When the latter swung his Federation into the CIO, Lundeberg refused to follow, and the seamen remained autonomous from both the AFL and the CIO, under the name of "Sailors' Union of the Pacific". When Bridges' agents among the seamen attempted to undermine his control, Lundeberg trounced them with the overwhelming vote of his membership. At the San Francisco conference, despite immense pressure from all Left-wing forces, he refused to unite his members with Curran's East-Coast union. It was a setback for Bridges; but he has just begun to fight.

And thus the situation rests today. On the East Coast, virtually all that stands between the Left-wingers and a stranglehold over the labor field is Ryan and his longshoremen. Scharrenberg and Robert Chapdelaine still control the seamen on a few lines, but their members are under constant threats by Curran's "goon squads". If the longshoremen should slip, the bottom would drop out of the AFL on the Atlantic. To date, however, Ryan shows no signs of weakening.

On the West Coast, Bridges' control is supreme, apart from the seamen. The crafty Australian has strengthened himself immensely by what he has described as his

“march inland”, in the course of which he has added 11,000 San Francisco warehousemen—headed by Louis Goldblatt, formerly youth organizer for the Communist Party—to his union, and has aided the CIO organization of some 50,000 timber-workers under the grip of his Stalinist understudy, Harold Pritchett, also an alien. A threat to his future is the possibility that Ryan and Lundeberg might join forces, but for the present his two enemies are too far apart ideologically for such co-operation. That Lundeberg is the danger point in their whole Pacific Coast strategy is demonstrated by the fury with which the Communists now abuse him.

III

It is an unhappy reflection upon the complacency of the American people that they have thus allowed marine transportation—their second line of national defense—to become the racket of a Communist alien, presumably under the discipline of the Moscow Comintern. Would realistic nations—France, Great Britain, Germany—permit such an intolerable situation to develop in their merchant fleets? The question has merely to be stated to reveal its absurdity. Unfortunately,

the American people are chronically incapable of bestirring themselves over far-off problems. Let such disrupted traveling schedules and employee insolence confront them on their railroads, and the situation would become a clamant national issue. But sea travellers are few in number, and they prefer to remain silent, rather than incur the unpleasantness and, in some instances, physical danger of a protest against maritime conditions. The Communists triumph in default of resolute opposition.

Were the new unions under other leadership, it might be possible to look forward to a time when, sobered by responsibility, they would put a stop to unrestraint. Admittedly, the militance of the new unions has enforced some improvements in sleeping and subsistence conditions on some backward lines. But today the sailor has little to complain about in his subsistence conditions, in comparison to shore workers. And yet disorder and coercion continue at increased pace.

There has also been a sharp difference of opinion concerning the degree of Communist control in the new Bridges unions. Both Bridges and Curran deny that they are Communists. This denial would be accepted with greater

credence if it were not known that Communist Party members, working in non-party movements, make such denials as a matter of policy. "We cannot shove the Communist Party into everybody's face in such a way as to make the Party offensive to people," Earl Browder recently said in instructions to party members. "Nor shall we uncover all our forces in those cases where it is necessary to have people working without being known as Communists."

In the case of Bridges, few persons conversant with his activities on the West Coast doubt that he is working consistently with the Communist Party. To all questions concerning his actual membership, he returns the stock answer: "No". It is very revealing, however, that he rarely fails to soften this denial by a eulogy of the Communists in his union. "We have plenty of Communists," he told a New York reporter. "Our experience has shown them to be very militant and sincere. Many of the rank-and-file men of the Longshoremen's Union are openly known as Communists and they have the respect and support of a large section of the rank and file because of their active work in the trade unions."

There is an uncanny similarity between this bouquet and the state-

ment uttered by Curran before the Senate Commerce Committee after denying his Communism. "In justice to the Party I will say this — that they (the Communists) have done more for the workers in the industries of the country, regardless of what their motive may be in the long run, than any of the so-called and self-appointed Liberal agencies existent to date."

There now seems to be some rather conclusive evidence that Bridges has actually been a Party member. Disgruntled former Communists have begun to talk. Grudgingly, Madame Perkins surrendered to the Copeland Committee a dossier of material which her immigration officers have long been assembling. Perhaps the most blasting evidence is that of Arthur Kent, now in the hands of the Los Angeles police on a charge of burglary. Kent declared that as the former owner of the restaurant Pierre Chateau at 501 Baker Street in San Francisco, and at the same time an active Party functionary, he supplied the meeting place for most of the private Communist conferences of the 1934 strike period. "At that time, Bridges was registered in the Party under the name of Harry Dorgan," he deposed, and he tells, with convincing detail, of frequent secret

conferences of Bridges and Schmidt (now local president of the longshoremen) with Sam Darcy and the other open Party officials.

Another affidavit is that of Ivan F. Cox, former secretary-treasurer of Bridges' longshoremen's local in San Francisco. Cox not only charges Bridges and Schmidt with being Communist Party members, but also deposes that they diverted a total of \$41,303.08 between September 19, 1934, and September 27, 1937, from the treasury of their International Longshoremen and Warehousemen's Union 1-10 to various causes supported by District 13 of the Communist Party (the Pacific Coast district). A third affidavit which has not yet been made public is that of Norma Perry, former Communist Party member. Miss Perry was allegedly placed in the office of the longshoremen's union in 1934 by agreement between Bridges and Darcy, to collect dues from union members for the use of District 13 of the Communist Party and to maintain espionage over local officers who were regarded as unfriendly to the party. Now an expelled and hostile member, Miss Perry's revelations are expected to supply further charges of Bridges' Communism.

If Bridges' Communist affilia-

tions are authenticated, the question of Curran's Stalinism becomes relatively unimportant. Curran, from the beginning, has been a subservient cog. As a nominal Catholic, he is a more valuable public shock-absorber than would be a president of outright Communist professions. But around him is a group whose Radicalism can hardly be denied. Thomas Ray, secretary of the East Coast Maritime Federation, who has made a pilgrimage to Russia; Jack Laursen, general organizer of the NMU, and Frederick N. Myers, trustee of the NMU, are all well-known Leftists. Mervyn Rathbone, president of the American Communications Association, which controls the radio room of practically every vessel of the American merchant fleet, is a Bridges disciple from the West Coast who faithfully follows the "Party Line". As we have already shown, Curran's legal prompters are men of undeniable Communist connections. These are the men who actually steer the organization. While there are non-Radicals in the new unions, they are inexperienced in the art of organization politics, and are no match for the closely-knit machine of trained Communist organizers who hold the key positions.

Recently a new rank-and-file movement arose in the NMU under the leadership of Octave Loones, exposing the scandalous Communist Party control of the union weekly, *The Pilot*, and demanding a Communist purge in the union. Curran met the storm by declaring himself to be against all factions in the union (a statement which the credulous daily press reported mistakenly as an anti-Communist declaration). His henchmen then proceeded to expel from the union — not the Communists — but Octave Loones!

Sometimes the Browderites themselves reveal the extent of their mastery. "The heroic struggle of the old Trade Union Unity League (official Communist organization during the dual-union period) laid the basis for a turning of the tide," wrote John Meldon, Communist Party maritime specialist, in the *Daily Worker*. "... Today, the CIO, in both its program and policies, is virtually the old TUUL grown up: and whereas in the old days, the TUUL fought along with only a valiant heart and mind — today the muscle has been supplied by the CIO." It is a significant picture of the actual relationship of the Communists to the new maritime unions.

It is the habit of many naïve people, however, to wave aside such considerations. "I do not know who are Communists and who are not Communists, and I have never tried to inquire," Mrs. Herrick told the Copeland Committee. "I do not feel that it is up to me to make that inquiry, gentlemen." Unfortunately, the question of the Communism of union leaders is of paramount importance to our government if it is to plan realistically for the future in the maritime industry. A disloyal personnel can doom the whole costly program.

Of course, to the Left-wing leaders, such failure would not be a calamity, as it would inevitably hasten socialization. In its reply to Chairman Kennedy's Maritime Commission report last November, the NMU frankly proclaimed its belief in the failure of private ownership. It interpreted President Roosevelt's re-election of 1936 as a mandate for State control. Obviously, men whose strategy is shaped by an objective of government ownership will not collaborate with a Commission which is trying to make private ownership work.

Nothing better demonstrates the palpable bad faith of the Bridges unions than their sullen opposition to the mediation proposal which

Chairman Kennedy submitted to Congress as a solution for the present labor impasse. Curran's statement that the NMU will not "accept" it is a tacit admission that he hopes to keep the industry in turmoil. The consideration of mediation legislation by Congress must be postponed until the NMU has completed its organization of the marine workers, he declared in his statement before the Senate Committee — a declaration later parroted by Madame Perkins.

Concededly the outlook for continued private ownership of America's shipping industry is almost hopeless. The Communist labor challenge merely intensifies a per-

plexity which was already baffling. In the event of a future national crisis, the Communist-controlled unions will use their "economic strength" of the strike, the picket-line, and the boycott to coerce the Department of State into foreign policies favorable to the interests of Soviet Russia. As private ship-owners in America face their last time at bat with two strikes already called, they can reflect grimly that the Communist-dominated labor organizations, now exercising a virtual stranglehold on the maritime industry, would probably be non-existent were it not for the open aid and succor of the Roosevelt Administration.



EMANCIPATING THE AMERICAN MALE

BY EUGENE PHARO

THERE is a matter to which the attention of the American male should be directed at once, if an advance that has grown out of the Depression is to be strengthened and conserved. This is man's final emancipation from the stultifying burden of supporting his women-folk — a change that has been accelerated by woman's tendency to take over from the male the job of earning a living for both of them. It is incumbent upon the male to seize and fortify the change, lest women awake from their folly.

I would suggest, as a beginning, a device whose perversity has deluded man for ages: and which entails using the shibboleth, "This is a woman's world", instead of the formerly deceptive, "This is a man's world". From that point, it should be possible to keep woman — now that she has voluntarily placed her head in the noose — in the same kind of roseate servitude in which man languished until these latter days. In the end, because of the male's inherently greater gifts for sup-

ported leisure, I doubt not that we shall see a race of supermen, who paint the pictures and sculp the statues that have until recently been perishing as fugitive dreams in the pages of double-entry book-keeping or on the machine-shop assembly line.

The Department of Labor officially heralds this New Day when its female bureaucrats point with pride to the fact that between 1920 and 1930, while there was an increase of only one-fifth in the number of women in the total population, there was a rise of one-fourth in the number gainfully employed. And there is considerable glee in their announcement that, while the increase in male population in the same decade was 18.1 per cent, the number of males employed increased by only 15.2 per cent. Further, of the more than ten million women gainfully employed, according to the 1930 census, nearly a third were married, and so shared the financial responsibility of their families if they did not carry it altogether; and of the three million

thus accounted for there was an increase of one million between 1920 and 1930. So that when the various figures for unemployment among men are balanced against those of employment among women, the changed status of the male becomes gloriously apparent.

All this shows statistically how woman, having begun with her plea for "equal rights" of a century or more ago, by begrudging man his simple privileges, has gone on to the end and got herself into the fix where she has to support him; thus regaining, through her ineptitude, a status she had not had since Western civilization emerged from its savage state. And if this alone does not prove the unnaturalness of man's aborting his creative genius in order to support so peculiar a creature, a brief review of the masculine "privileges" that she has reached for with the avidity of an ape should be conclusive. These privileges include the mumbo-jumbo of casting votes every two or four years for the persons whom the male would like to have govern his country; of seeking fleshly pleasures with a promiscuity that was adopted only because woman insisted upon being man's mistress instead of his slave; of drinking hard liquor in a common saloon in fruitless attempts to forget his

fallen state; of sitting cooped in ugly buildings for many hours a day, pretending to be gods in control of a world that they knew very well women ran according to their own tastes; and of working endlessly in factory, mine, and on a host of projects for the "liberty" of earning money to be turned over to the disposal of women. Fortunately, when the women began to grasp after these meretricious baubles, they encountered enough bright men who pretended that these things were worth having so that their appetites were further whetted. In the end they swallowed the bait entire, and were caught.

There remains the single danger that male fools who are animated by outdated chivalry will attempt the folly of releasing them. For once this new status of women is made permanent, men can turn as a sex to the development of talents which some individuals among them have evinced in spite of everything — as, for example, the feat of Socrates in evolving a rational philosophy and admirable manner of life in spite of the handicaps set up by Xanthippe. That this capacity for cultural progress is possessed by men rather than women is proved by the fact that women have had for a long time the opportunities for development

inherent in supported leisure, but with such sad results as those evidenced in the art and literature sponsored by women's clubs, the programs endorsed by leagues of women voters, and the quality of food that, with few exceptions, they give men in their homes.

II

There is already in America clear evidence of the possibility of developing a culture of truly masculine distinction as a result of turning over to woman the humdrum task of making our livings. Consider, for example, the Negro, who has provided us with most of what we consider our native art, and from whom we have drawn of recent years a great part of our zest for living. Among them, the cultural benefit of assigning to women the task of provider has been before our eyes for years, without our realizing it. The only serious object of the Negro male has been perfection of the arts, and he has made our music, our dance, our stage, and even our literature, subjects of serious attention abroad. For he has acted upon a principle once phrased by Walt Whitman, and has proceeded to loaf and invite his soul.

If we go all the way back to

primitive man himself, we find our thesis firmly established. For among savages there is no question whose duty it is to till the ground, to grind the meal, to bring into existence the substance upon which the tribe is to live. If occasionally the men supply the larder with raw meat, it is only incidental to their love of the chase, in which they can perfect themselves in the qualities that make them the high-spirited creatures they are; in contrast with the majority of men in the United States, who until lately were poor-spirited helots, bound capriciously to the door-posts of the dominant sex.

And in Europe, what do we find? Well, there is the institution of the *dot*, whereby the bride is enabled to convince her prospective master that she has some ability to lift the burden of the menage off his shoulders and to afford him leisure. In fact, everywhere we look, we discover nature and history indicating the beneficent character of the change in the male's status that is occurring among us; and its results are proved by numerous instances that we can observe among our personal acquaintances.

For example, among couples I know there is Jim, who before 1929 was one of those charming in-

dividuals who made a hard living as a customer's man in Wall Street, and who thus had no opportunity to develop his higher self. By 1930, he found himself unable to contribute anything to the support of the lady to whose fate he had linked his own through marriage. He thereupon put the situation up to his wife, and retired into the fastness of the public library, where he began to read some of the immortal literature to which he had heard occasional references among his acquaintances. His wife, meantime, obtained work as a tea-room waitress. Now Jim's taste has begun to form, and he may eventually contribute to the world something the world will be better off for having had.

There is Floyd, possessing all the makings of a fine sportsman, hunter, and connoisseur of dogs. These instincts he was able to gratify to a certain extent before the Depression, while carrying out the duties of a salesman, but when buyers faded away he found that he could not make enough money to gratify either his desire for sport or his need of a place to sleep. So he got married. His wife is employed as a business secretary, and he is able to devote all his time to dogs and guns. Meanwhile, his wife has benefited from discipline,

and is becoming highly useful to society as well as to her man. Her duties also have kept her from becoming big with child, a mistake she indubitably would have made had Floyd turned out to be a good provider. Thus some contribution has been made to the solution of future Relief problems of the government.

There is Stephen, who even in the 'Twenties had some glimmering of the New Day, for he married his secretary who was making what he considered an adequate salary for both of them — \$50 a week. This has enabled him to spend his time in playing the violin, and in meditating on music and life in general. A great deal of this meditation occurs in that place from which so much of the poetry and charm of life has sprung, the matutinal bed; to which his spouse, recognizing his fine qualities, brings coffee and rolls before setting out for the office.

There is Alfred, who has become quite a skilled architect since 1929, while his wife, an excellent baker of biscuits, has supplied many families in the small town in which they live with enough of her product to enable her husband occasionally to pay the rent. Some of the boldest architectural designs ever depicted have blossomed on

the drawing-board of Alfred's upstairs studio, and all of them have had that highest quality of high art — an absolute lack of practical value.

III

Obviously, then, it is necessary for men, during the present transition period, to take steps to prevent the re-emergence of the male-superiority theory. To insure this result it is necessary first that men recognize the character of the emancipation now upon them, and that in all their contacts with womankind they take pains to impress the girls with the latter's feminine chivalry, generosity, capacity, and power, their intelligence and their vastly important mission on earth as nourishers and protectors of the Dreamer-Man. They should exert themselves in the creation of delicacies for the palate with which to

charm the wage-earner when she returns, fagged out, from the office or factory. The male should, in fact, concentrate on this matter of cuisine, for which he has a natural though largely-suppressed genius; for everyone knows that the way to a woman's heart is through her stomach. A little time spent with the needle and thread, with cleaning fluids and pressing irons, would not be out of the way either, for it is generally supposed that a woman hates to return to a man who meets her at the door of the apartment in dowdy clothes.

Other devices for making women satisfied with their lot will occur to any serious disciple of the New Day; and if not, they may be found in the libraries under the title *Woman*, and in that department in which are described the wiles whereby in the past that sex has managed to bedazzle man.



THE MYTH OF CZECH "DEMOCRACY"

BY ERICH POSSELT

HERR HITLER's reclamation of Austria has brought Czechoslovakia onto the front pages. The newspaper correspondents of Europe are now burning the cables with stories of how Czechoslovakia, the "democratic bulwark of the Continent", is threatened with an imminent Nazi coup; of how France and Russia are prepared to fight to protect Czechoslovakia's menaced citizens; of how the seizure of the Czechoslovakian "democracy" by Germany would spell the doom of European progressivism for generations to come. The cable stories, as well as the scribbles of our American commentators, imply that the fate of the world is now hanging precariously upon the jagged mountain peaks which form a bulwark between "brave little democratic Czechoslovakia" and her saber-rattling *Boche* neighbor. But an examination of such assertions will reveal that they are larded with historical mis-statements, with political pleading of the familiar Left persuasion, and with outright lying propaganda.

It may be said at once (*a*) that the very name of the Czechoslovakian Republic is a lie, if by *republic* is meant a free popular government in which there are no classes having exclusive political privileges; (*b*) that there is no such group, ethnologically speaking, as the Czechoslovakian people; (*c*) that the democratic promises made by the "Republic's" founders to the Allied powers in 1919 were made in brazen foreknowledge that they would not be kept; (*d*) that hundreds of thousands of persons in this "democratic" nation are now faced with actual starvation; and (*e*) that 3,500,000 Sudeten-Germans are doomed to extinction. Only today, twenty years after the formation of the Czech "Republic", is the outside world permitted occasionally to glimpse a desperate situation there, and to realize that 3,500,000 men, women, and children cannot be enslaved or eliminated without payment by Europe of a heavy penalty in blood.

To be sure, on March 18 of this year, the Cabinet Council at

Prague took action to give the German minority a greater voice in government. The measure supposedly permits administration of German districts by German nationals. But on the basis of past events, a pledge made by the Cabinet Council will not necessarily be fulfilled. The action in March followed demands presented by Hitler; it is always possible for the decree to be rescinded at a later, more propitious date. The average Sudeten-German remains highly skeptical of Czech "promises", having learned a bitter lesson from post-war events.

This post-war history of Czechoslovakia, encompassing two decades of intrigue and political opportunism, commenced when the Austro-Hungarian monarchy breathed its last in 1918. The suave gentlemen of St. Germain leapt at once to the task of dismembering the ancient dual State, aided by an ex-Princeton professor, Woodrow Wilson, who then happened to be President of the United States. Sensing that Wilsonian Liberalism was in the ascendant, and that high-sounding slogans would serve as a cloak for materialism, the Czechs, a Slavic people found chiefly in parts of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, seized the reins of Destiny. A propagandistic cam-

paign, started at a time when the glory of Hapsburg was still undimmed, saw its culmination in the so-called "Washington Declaration of Independence of the Czechoslovakian People", dated October 18, 1918, and issued in Paris over the signature of Prof. T. G. Masaryk, Gen. Dr. Milan Stefanik, and Dr. Edward Beneš. With supreme contempt for historical, ethnological, or practical truth, this declaration commenced with a deliberate lie. For there is no Czechoslovakian people, never has been, and probably never will be.

The inhabitants of the countries for which these politicians pretended to speak were then, and are now (in the order of their relative numerical strength) Czechs, Germans, Slovaks, Hungarians, Russians, Ukrainians, Poles, and Jews, all of them radically different, with languages and cultures of their own. By what sleight of hand Professor Masaryk, the great friend of Dr. Wilson, was able to palm off on the learned representatives of the Allied powers the completely mythical premises underlying a "Czechoslovakian Republic" will forever remain a secret. The fact remains, however, that in the name of Western Democracy, a State was created which had neither

topographical nor ethnological cohesion, nor even a *raison d'être*, except the ambition of a handful of Czech politicians stirred by personal greed and their hatred of the Austrians and Germans. The gentlemen at Versailles and St. Germain, alarmed by the boldness of the plan, approved it only after solemn Czech avowals that the rights of the minorities thus created would be fully protected, and that the League of Nations should have supervision over them. Result: The rights of these minorities have been trampled underfoot for twenty years; and the League of Nations has not even acknowledged the receipt of innumerable protests submitted by the hapless German minority which now pays for the tragic error committed at St. Germain.

A year and a half after St. Germain, a document of the utmost importance was drafted by the representatives and senators belonging to the German Parliamentary Association in the Czech "Republic". Ignored by the world's press, it was submitted to the Czechoslovakian House of Representatives on June 1, 1920, and to the Senate on June 9. It read in part:

Through the Peace Treaty, a State has been created in the middle of Europe which, outside of approxi-

mately 6,500,000 Czechs, also embraces . . . almost 4,000,000 Germans. In vain were our protestations . . . before the beginning of and during the peace negotiations . . . in vain we have pointed out that a State shaped like this is not in accord with Wilson's Fourteen Points, nor with the concept of democracy; that it could never find peace, and that . . . it would represent a permanent threat to the peace of Europe.

We, the representatives of the German people . . . depose . . . that this State was created at the expense of historical truth, and that the deciding great powers have been misled. . . .

The Germans of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia and the Germans of Slovakia never had the intention to unite with the Czechs. . . . Thus, the Czechoslovakian Republic is the result of a one-sided Czech act of will, and these German districts were unlawfully occupied by force of arms. . . . Even the scant protection which the Allied and Associated Powers had intended the German people has been brought to nought by the brutal acts of the Czechoslovakian Revolutionary Assembly. . . . Thus we declare solemnly that we recognize none of these laws as binding us. . . .

We condemn the myth of a purely Czech State, of the Czechoslovakian nation, and of the Czechoslovakian language as in obvious contradiction to the facts. We shall never recognize the Czechs as rulers, shall never submit as slaves to this State. . . . We declare solemnly that we shall never cease to demand the self-determination of our people. . . .

This document carried fifty-four signatures of duly-elected representatives of the Sudeten-German

people. Its publication now in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* is, to my knowledge, the only time the protest has ever appeared in the English language.

Months of horror, privation, and death had preceded the declaration: Sudeten-Germans in various cities in Northern Bohemia had been jailed for lawfully assembling; a score had been shot when Czech *soldateska*—former “legionnaires” who had deserted the Austrian Army in Russia and joined the enemy—instituted a reign of terror. But the official protest of the German representatives went as unheeded as a dozen others that were to follow.

True, the Sudeten-Germans were eventually permitted to seat their representatives in the Czech Parliament; but they were hopelessly outnumbered, and since, under the “democratic” rules to which European correspondents love to refer, the absolute majority ruled, their lot can be imagined. Eventually, the “German Agrarians” were even taken into the government, but they, too, were hopelessly outnumbered. (On March 21 of this year they left the government and joined the pro-Nazi Henlein. On March 24 the second of these “activist” Sudeten-German parties, the Christian-Socialists, did likewise.)

It is behind this cloak of “democratic” procedure that events are still occurring to belie the protestations of Czech statesmen. If it is kept in mind that the struggle between the Czech rulers and the subjugated Sudeten-Germans may well become the Sarajevo of the next World War; that it is in Reichenberg perhaps, or in Eger, or in any of a dozen other cities near the German-Czech border, that the torch may be put to the powder barrel, it seems essential rather than merely important to analyze the situation from the standpoint of the Sudeten-German.

II

The entire borderland of the present Czechoslovakian Republic, beginning at a point where Lower Austria, Moravia, and Bohemia meet, along the frontier of Lower Austria, Upper Austria, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Saxony, and Silesia, into the foothills of the Carpathian Mountains, is inhabited solidly by Germans who have been there for hundreds of years, who have cultivated the soil, and who have built up an industry second to none in Europe. This border belt, varying in depth and population, encloses the northwestern part of the Republic, and is in turn surrounded

completely by Germans and German-speaking Austrians. Within this ring, and flowing out of it to the southeast, live Czechs. Towards the East they gradually melt into the Slovakian population in Moravia and Western Galicia, so much so that in the far eastern section of the Republic the only Czechs are officials amidst an alien and hostile population.

The German borderland — Sudetenland — was the richest possession of the Hapsburgs. In order to understand the present plight of the primarily-industrial population of the Sudeten-German districts in Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, it is necessary to know that eighty per cent of the industrial facilities of the former monarchy were located in the provinces now constituting the Czechoslovakian Republic. And of these eighty per cent, in turn eighty per cent were owned by Sudeten-Germans. At the outbreak of the war, industrialization in the Sudetenland had made such strides that of 100 persons gainfully employed, fifty-four were engaged in industrial pursuits, as against twenty-seven in agriculture, fourteen in commerce and trade, and only five in the professions and government service. Yet the first economic leaders of the Republic, as well as all Czech political lead-

ers, have openly stated that the chief object of Czech economic policies must be to eliminate the supremacy of the Sudeten-German in industry and commerce.

The first decisive stroke fell in February, 1919, when the Secretary of Commerce forbade the transfer of credits and deposits from Czechoslovakia into any part of the former Austrian-Hungarian monarchy, and vice versa. The Sudeten-German banks thus lost control of their capital overnight, and were forced to seek credits with Czech banks — particularly the Zivnostenska Banka. Frequently such credits were given only if Czech firms were taken into partnership.

A second blow was the refusal of the Czech Government to pay the former Imperial-Royal army for war material. In view of the economic structure of the monarchy, the vast majority of all industrial supplies were manufactured in Sudeten-German districts, which now suffered losses amounting to a billion dollars. The cancellation of war-loans was another measure which struck hard at the Sudeten-German population, since a large portion of these loans were subscribed by them.

After these general measures, a ruthless campaign of taxation, pri-

marily directed against the Sudeten-German industries, was started. The Sudeten-German industry was systematically eliminated from all government orders; and raw materials were diverted almost exclusively to Czech firms. Hardest hit of all was the textile industry — almost exclusively in the hands of Sudeten-Germans. Built for a market of 55,000,000 people (the inhabitants of the old monarchy), it retained after the war an interior market of only 1,350,000; this, together with the world-wide crisis, doomed it from the beginning of the new era. Production by 1933 had fallen almost forty per cent.

The glass industry, probably the second most important in Bohemia, has now receded fifty per cent. The export of musical instruments — they formerly found their way throughout the world — has dropped seventy-five per cent; the export of wooden toys, fifty per cent; the export of buttons, seventy per cent. All these industries were, and are, owned by Sudeten-Germans. And while these suffered, new factories were built in the Czech interior with the active aid of the State itself. In brief, since 1918 the Germans have lost 4111 industrial concerns, while the Czechs have gained 4552.

Parallel with the measures

through which the Sudeten-German industry is being absorbed by the Czechs, runs the elimination of Sudeten-German workers. The Czech State, as the largest employer, sets the example: Czechs are taken on, Germans are cast out. As a first lever, the government made Czech the only official language, contrary to the specific words of the Treaty of St. Germain. Thus many thousands of Germans were dismissed for lack of a sufficient knowledge of the "State language", even though most of them were employed — and had been employed all their lives — in districts where nothing but German was spoken.

More vicious, though, than any measure taken theretofore was the "Defense of the Realm Act", as proposed on March 26, 1936. This law provides for the creation of a belt of twenty-five kilometers along the border in which, not only in times of war and of "readiness for war" but also in peace times, the military shall have the final say in all questions. Every kind of construction, every industrial enterprise, every license, is subject to military rule. In times of "preparedness", men and women between 17 and 60 may be drafted and put to work "in the personal service of the military authorities".

And lastly, people employed by "all enterprises particularly important for the State" must be *reliable*. Reliable, of course, means Czech.

With what annihilating force this law hits all minorities living within the borders of Czechoslovakia, and most particularly the Sudeten-Germans, becomes apparent when we learn that these minorities live almost exclusively in the border belt, as illustrated in the following table:

<i>Nationality</i>	<i>Total</i>	<i>In border belt</i>
German	3,318,445	2,640,000
Poles	100,322	82,000
Russians and Ukrainians	568,941	390,000
Hungarians (Magyars)	719,569	630,000

III

The official unemployment statistics compiled by the State give by no means an exact picture of the total unemployed in Czechoslovakia today. Nevertheless, statistics for 1936 admit of 750,000. The number of people facing starvation is much larger; conservative estimates set the total number excluded from any possibility of earning their living at 3,500,000. That it is the German population which bears the brunt of these conditions is no longer denied even by the Czechs themselves.

Social misery in the Sudeten-German districts is great. Hundreds of factories are shut down, and dozens have been dismantled. Wages have receded to the starvation point. In some small establishments in Prague and Budweis, men work for food and lodging only. The management of a steam mill near Budweis pays workingmen four cents per hour; a weaver in Jungbunzlau pays men twenty-five cents daily, while women receive twelve cents. On the border between Bohemia and Moravia, the entire family of a weaver (nine people) with fourteen work-hours daily, earns only \$6 per month.

In addition to the disturbing state of industry and commerce, the plight of agriculture in Czechoslovakia is no less threatening. In almost all European States that owe their existence to Versailles or St. Germain, the land was redistributed after the peace treaties. It is characteristic of these "land reforms" that they were proclaimed as a social and economic necessity for interior colonization, but that, invariably, they served to dispossess racial minorities. Thousands of members of the minorities have been thrown out of farm work and added to the unemployed; purely German districts in Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia since 1925 have

been systematically covered by a network of Czech colonists who are bound by agreement with the Land-Reform Office to employ Czech servants exclusively and are obliged to trade with Czech professionals only.

It is obvious that the conditions under which hundreds of thousands are forced to live have brought about a downward trend in public health. But even though tuberculosis, cancer, and other diseases are rampant among the adults to an extent unheard of in any other civilized country, it is youth that suffers most. At the end of the 1934-35 term, physicians employed by the *Deutsche Jugendfürsorge* examined all pupils in the Sudeten-German districts who were about to leave school. Fully twenty-five per cent of them were tubercular, thirteen per cent suffered from heart diseases, twenty-one per cent had eye diseases, and ten per cent represented cases of serious melancholia and manic depression. Of the total number no less than sixty-one per cent were seriously ill.

This, then, is the state of affairs today in what the newspaper correspondents and our "Liberal" commentators choose to call "brave little democratic Czechoslovakia".

The Czech Government has succeeded, and is succeeding, in annulling the foundation upon which it was built and upon which the rights of minorities were based.

In revealing the truth about this so-called "Republic" which threatens to become a pawn on the European chessboard, one thought has been uppermost in my mind: the day will come, and likely soon, when the United States will once again be entreated to send its armies to Armageddon. Twenty years ago, it was the struggle to Make the World Safe for Democracy. Today, in the words of the egregious Comrade Litvinov, addressed to the diplomatic representatives of the world powers on March 17, it is merely an invitation to discuss collective measures against "aggressor nations", primarily intended to guarantee the borders of Czechoslovakia. Tomorrow, it will be the call to arms.

Conjured up out of pseudo-Liberal hatred and greed, based on lies and deceptions, governed with utter disregard for treaty obligations and ordinary decency, yet proclaimed by itself, and hailed by the world, as a bulwark of democracy, the "Republic" of Czechoslovakia will expect every armed American to do his duty.

HOW TO GET A WASHINGTON JOB

By DON LAYNE

GOVERNMENT jobs, no doubt because of juicy wage scales, short hours, and pleasant working conditions, are becoming more and more sought after throughout the nation. Our bureaucratic intumescence, in fact, has reached such proportions that more than 6,500,000 men and women are now obtaining their living at the Public Trough. This means that slightly over sixteen per cent of all those who vote are nuzzling at the public teat — *a ratio of one taxpayer to every seven workers in all other fields*. Furthermore, fully eighty per cent of such tax-eating assignments — Civil Service notwithstanding — have been peddled by our so-called political statesmen through the medium of the spoils or patronage racket.

Most Americans still entertain the misconception that those who feed at the Public Trough are largely professional politicians, party workers, influential incompetents, or others who have become identified with the Party-In-Power in their respective localities. Noth-

ing could be further from the truth. On the contrary, the record indicates that almost anyone with the proper clearance papers or letters of endorsement can find a place on the public payroll. Here, for instance, is the way to go about landing a federal job.

First, before buying your ticket to Washington, you should obtain as many letters of recommendation as possible from such persons as your sphere of associates permits: your high-school principal, the local pool-hall owner, your doctor, the local editor, the sheriff, or even your mayor. It is also a good idea to assume that you are a member of a large family with hordes of uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, brothers, sisters, cousins, and friends — for it should be remembered that votes are vital to a politician and that few things make him happier than oversized families of healthy, satisfied constituents. Next, after equipping yourself with an impressive line of claptrap, you should interview the person in charge of the smallest political

unit in which you reside, *i.e.*, the district leader, councilman, ward-heeler, alderman, assemblyman, or minor official of like caliber. If you don't know such a chap, you can arrange to meet him through some politically potent friend — possibly the local saloon-keeper, gambling-house operator, minister, bawdy-house madam, butcher, undertaker, or cigar-store proprietor.

The purpose of interviewing the local boss is to prevail upon him to write a letter to the county chairman of the Democratic Committee, requesting that official to write to the State chairman who, in turn, is requested to forward his approval of you (*political clearance*) to your senators in Washington. Many of these small-fry may not seem to be familiar with the necessity for this routine — they may profess to know other ways of landing a government job — but your State chairman will not, unless he happens to be a very good friend, endorse you to your senators without first getting the approval of the county chairman. Nor will your senators give you *Senatorial Endorsements* without the approval of the State chairman.

All these letters are of the same type: after the salutation and introduction, they proceed to state how helpful you have been to the

Party during the campaign (even though all you have done is to cast a vote) and how extremely well established you are in the community. They then mention your desire for a government position, and close with a blurb relating how “. . . Mr. Job-seeker comes to me very highly recommended and has proven to be a real asset to the Party. Kindly be convinced that any favor extended to Mr. Job-seeker will be greatly appreciated by me. . . .” To obtain such letters and the subsequent political clearance is relatively simple, for as soon as the local ward-heeler or boss has given his approval the rest of the procedure becomes automatic — and a place at the Public Trough is practically assured.

After receiving copies of the letters sent to your senators by the State chairman — and to your congressman by the county chairman — you may proceed to buy a ticket, hop a freight, or hitch-hike your way to Washington. Upon your arrival there you may find that your political representatives are too busy conferring within their political lairs to see you in person. If so, just identify yourself to their secretaries (each senator and congressman usually employs, at public expense, one secretary who does nothing but handle patronage mat-

ters) and they will be glad to issue senatorial or congressional endorsements to any department or individual desired. It is well to remember at this point that as a rule, a congressman's endorsement is not worth the price of a second-hand toothbrush, for unless he is a member of an important House committee, the average congressman seldom amounts to much in the current Washington set-up.

Now, unless you carry a politically-potent bit of influence, neither your senator nor your congressman will help you to locate a job. You must do that yourself by going from agency to agency, by talking with the various people you meet in each personnel office, by considering the opportunities for employment, and by filling out application blanks for those bureaus which you think might use your talented services. Odd as it may seem, the Civil Service Commission will give you, upon request, a list of more than twenty-five federal agencies which hire personnel via the spoils system. After procuring this list, the best way to proceed is (1) to take an application form from the personnel office of each agency in which you are interested; (2) have your senator give you an endorsement to the proper administrator of each

agency; (3) attach the endorsements to the respective job-applications and, if possible, hand them in person to the proper official. If this procedure does not result in an interview within a few days, prevail upon your senator to make appointments by telephone. And if one of these various interviews does not blossom into a job within a week or two, report such high-handed inattention to the senator. Never take no for an answer, nor underestimate your capabilities in applications or interviews. Always say that you are a college graduate and an "expert". Don't be hesitant about whooping up the ideals of Karl Marx, Upton Sinclair, or any other Heavy Thinker. And, most important, always shout "Hallelujah!" when the New Deal and Dr. Roosevelt are mentioned.

II

One would naturally expect that some sort of specific preparation or experience is necessary in order to qualify for the various governmental offerings. But such is not the case. For those who are not too conscientious, there are many types of positions available — from messenger boys and file clerks to pseudo-economists and purulent statisticians. Some messenger boys

get \$3600 a year; most of them draw from \$1200 to \$1440. The pay for typists, clerks, stenographers, junior statisticians and economists, auditors, etc., runs from \$1440 to \$2600 a year—while the accountants, lawyers, minor executives, statisticians, editors, economists, investigators, and propaganda agents get from \$1800 to \$6800 annually.

There is, in keeping with the Washington tempo, neither rhyme nor reason concerning the salary paid and the work done. The pay depends upon the amount of “influence and pull” you possess—and not upon the type of position, title, or the quality of the work to be achieved. This practice, in fact, is so prevalent that none of the various personnel offices bothers to check on the references, qualifications, past records, or previous earning powers of the numerous applicants. Consequently, being aware of such bureaucratic inertia, you should always go after any job that is open, demand as much money as you dare—never less than \$1800—and insist that your senator exert himself to the utmost in your behalf.

As a stranger to Washington machinations, it is important that you ignore the pessimistic words dished out by some of the adminis-

trative doormen who presume to do the hiring. Many of these microscopic jobholders are forever attempting to build up their own patronage cliques by placing friends, relatives, and fraternity brethren on the public payroll—but a severe castigation from your senator will generally put an end to their caballing and set them to sulking under their desks. Furthermore, you should never allow yourself to be misled by the actions or statements of the various small fry encountered during your search for a job—as per the following examples:

Upon entering a certain building which houses one of the many New Deal agencies, there is a large sign pointing to the Personnel Office. Inside this office sits a short, fat, slightly bald man in his middle fifties—an ex-bank president from Georgia. This affable gentleman (salary \$4600 a year) is supposed to be the personnel director. He will charm you with his personality, discuss the job-matter sympathetically, and hand out an application blank. He will also say in a sorrowful manner that “. . . things are, at present, pretty bad; no hiring is being done. Kindly drop in again sometime”. Now this man is not lying; on the contrary, he speaks the truth. Neither he nor

his office ever does any hiring. He is merely a front man to scare away the uninformed, unendorsed applicant. The real personnel office is upstairs, in charge of an assistant administrator. The entree to this den is, of course, a letter from your senator. It frequently happens that on the same day that the downstairs front man is shaking his head and murmuring "sorry", ten or more endorsed applicants are being placed at the Public Trough by the upstairs spoilsman.

III

Although clearance papers and senatorial endorsements are essential in order to get and keep a place at the Public Trough, friendship patronage in many instances is much more effective. Persons fortunate enough to be on friendly terms with the President or his family (official or otherwise) may obtain Presidential or White House endorsements. These are tops. No one can fire you except the President. Then, of course, the Under-Secretaries, the various Administrators, and the different Personnel Directors exchange job-giving favors and endorse each other's friends and relatives.

Another good way to live on the

Public Purse is to contribute to the Cause. A \$1000 contribution will most likely enable the giver to step into a \$3000 or \$4000 a year appointment. A donation of \$500 will usually pry loose a \$2000 to \$3000 job — and even \$100 will do wonders if placed in the right slot. The smaller amounts should be given to your county committee, the larger sums should go to either the State or the national committee. You should be sure, however, that you have made a bargain before you part with your money.

After you have been appointed to a government position, you must remember to write to everyone concerned with your appointment and thank him for his efforts in your behalf. Always see to it that your political contacts — from your senator back to your local ward-heeler — are well greased with frequent letters of salve, flattery, and make-believe vote-getting. It is even a good idea to help with your senator's mailing-list activities — anything, in fact, that will keep your name before the political leaders and stop them from forgetting you — otherwise your place at the public teat may be grabbed by someone else.

It is remarkable how some of the more solicitous tax-eaters attempt to impress their bosses with the

idea that they should not be laid-off when the next "economy cut" comes along. One will claim that he and his senator are great pals and often go fishing together; another will display two fingers held up side by side and state that he and the President's secretary are "just like that"; a few assume that they have a father and mother or a large family to support and must pay for a costly operation on "the wife" in the near future; others will try to cultivate the personnel clerks, hoping that by buying drinks and throwing parties for them they will be able to maintain their desks; still another tax-eater will send telegrams to himself stating that "Senator Afflatus would like to see you tonight. Urgent"; a great many have their wives visit the office with borrowed children in order that the bosses may see them parading around; and a few even go so far as to do a day's work now and then. But the latter maneuver is silly. If you are perspicacious, you will, above all else, maintain a friendly contact with your hometown ward-heeler (possibly by forwarding to this honorable gentleman one per cent of your monthly salary) for he is the one from whom all your influence emanates.

Never harbor the thought that hard, intelligent application to your daily task will aid you to keep your job—or get a better one.

After starting to work for the government, regardless of how conscientious you may be, your ideals and efficiency will gradually deteriorate from daily contact with your fellow tax-eaters, of whom the majority are not capable of performing one good day's work in seven. It will dawn upon you, irrespective of where you work, that you are surrounded by a disreputable crew of small-time ex-bootleggers, touts, pugilists, social-workers, incompetents, bell-hops, procurers, aliens, floorwalkers, insurance agents, panhandlers, Communists, rubber-check bouncers, and down-at-the-heel whatnots—many of whom are drawing checks from the Public Treasury for being "experts" for Social Security, "engineers" for PWA, "auditors" for HOLC, "legal advisors" for FHA, "editors" for WPA, or "economists" for Resettlement. After brief association with such eminent persons, you cannot help but think that feeding at the Public Trough is the answer to everyone's prayer. You will ask: "Why work for a living?"

THE PROBLEM OF SEXUAL IMPOTENCY

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

THOSE who are called upon to listen to the intimate personal troubles of men hear of no trouble more frequently than impotence.

The men thus troubled are not in my experience vicious or debauched: they are usually men of high character and good life, not seldom also of unusual or even distinguished intellectual aptitude. But they tend to be very worried over their virile incapacity.

The worry assumes two aspects. It is a cause of trouble, if not shock, to the wife who, however affectionate and considerate, is liable to experience not only disappointment but actual nervous disturbance from a failure at the final moment to achieve orgasm. Apart from this trouble and more primitively, the man is apt to feel his failure as a disgrace, for the quality of "virility" is felt to be identical with sexual capacity; the impotent man is liable to feel that he is not a "man" at all.

I have frequently had occasion to point out that this primitive feeling is uncalled for. On the

physical side, sexual activity is one of many activities, and less important than digestive activity, for it is not essential to life. The race, according to the old saying, rests on the two pillars of Hunger and Love; but for the individual the second pillar is dispensable. With one and the other, however, we are concerned with physiological activities, and we are not entitled to drag in moral considerations and to imply that there is something morally infamous in a physiological weakness. When, years ago, it was plausibly suggested that Carlyle may have been the subject of impotence, this was treated by some of his admirers as a disgraceful charge, though really such a condition is no more disgraceful than the indigestion from which Carlyle was definitely known to suffer.

What, then, is the cause of impotence?

That is a question not easy to answer. Its causes may be as various as those of indigestion, and there is a like need to be cautious

in generalizing. It is, indeed, like indigestion, and even more so, apt to occur naturally. Animals, even more than men, may be limited in potency, dependent on season and opportunity. The human male is during the whole of adult life normally potent. But that does not prevent his dependence on the presence of a suitably strong stimulus to his potency, or the risks of a nervous disturbance of his powers under special circumstances. It is an ancient observation, from the days of Montaigne, that the completely normal man may fail in virile power under special exacting circumstances such as his wedding night. And the man who is even abnormally vigorous and specialized in other aptitudes, may suffer the compensation of sexual failure. It is known that the athlete is liable to be impotent.

That brings us to what I regard as the most common cause of sexual deficiency and impotence today: the diffusion of nervous energy in other directions, and the special nervous conditions of modern civilized urban life. It is not easy to imagine that the stolid plowman of ancient days was often troubled by sexual impotence. But life in a city today is at the furthest extreme from the plowman's life. The ideal of speed at all costs, with

the perpetual activity that ideal includes, involves a succession of constant swift responses to external stimuli, an acquired attitude of expectation of hasty reactions. A special nervous temperament is thus constituted, and a temperament that may easily be fatal to the normal process of sexual intercourse. That process, as I have always sought to make clear, has two successive stages: a gradual tumescence or accumulation of energy, nervous and vascular, which when it is fully developed leads to detumescence, an explosive liberation in which the process is completed. Detumescence cannot take place effectively, as a rule, unless tumescence has been slow, and that delay is also necessary for the female partner to become ready for her corresponding phase of detumescence. Under our conditions of life the stimulants of tumescence may be more numerous, though often more dispersed, but they tend to partake of that nervous overhaste which marks the whole of our life, and tumescence is liable either to fade away before it attains detumescence, or else to result in a feeble or ineffective detumescence which is the most common form of impotence, and a source of distress both for a man and his wife.

There may be various special causes of sexual impotence, and Dr. G. V. Hamilton, for instance, believes that early mother-fixation may be operative in this direction. But I am convinced that the special characteristics of our modern civilization are, directly and indirectly, more widely influential than any other cause. I would even go so far as to suggest that a certain degree of sexual inadequacy may be regarded as normal in life today.

This suggestion is supported by the significant facts presented by Dr. Hamilton in his book.¹ They are significant because made with great care on both husbands and wives (one hundred of each) who were normal in health and for a large part active in the best American social life of today. The most common difficulties found in potency were: (1) an inability to develop or retain an adequate erection when copulation was pending, and (2) premature ejaculation. These are really the forms in which impotence is commonly manifested, and a large proportion of husbands and a still larger proportion of wives stated without reservation (a still larger number with reservations) that the wife would have attained orgasm more

frequently if the husband had been slower in coming to his orgasm. A large proportion of husbands admitted difficulty in getting or keeping erection at the first attempts at copulation, and a considerable proportion of wives considered their husbands under-sexed, while only fifty-five per cent of husbands considered their own potency normal.

When we survey this situation — and Hamilton's results are fully confirmed by other available facts — we may thus, I believe, reach an important conclusion: a certain degree of sexual impotence, in the sense of a tendency to an incomplete or ineffective degree of sexual activity in the process of copulation, is a tendency of our civilization which we have to accept.

II

This does not, of course, mean that we are not justified in seeking to improve potency in individual cases. That is sometimes quite possible by improving the conditions. The wedding night, as many couples nowadays realize, is often by no means the most favorable occasion for initiating coitus, even though in ancient days it was regarded as the only proper occasion, so that in some lands the sheet stained with the bride's blood had

¹ *Research in Marriage*, by Gilbert Van Tassel Hamilton. *Boni*: New York.

to be displayed next morning from the bedroom window. Many men can only effect intercourse under peaceful conditions devoid of disturbance or undue excitement. Such conditions are indeed naturally sought. The famous Rousseau, as he admits, was impotent under many conditions, but with Thérèse, with whom he familiarly lived as his wife, he was, as he himself believed, the father of several children. Many men have found that by altering times and circumstances it has proved possible to increase potency. On the other hand, direct medical treatment, however varied, has often proved of no avail whatever. I know of men who have gone from physician to physician, not merely taking drugs but adopting all sorts of physical methods of treatment, electrical and other, and remained at the end in the same condition as at the outset.

But supposing that, rightly or wrongly, a man reaches the conclusion that he is hopelessly impotent in the ordinary sense, is he justified in believing that he cannot be a lover in any physical sense and that his wife's erotic needs are to remain unsatisfied? By no means. That is where our attitude today with our increased knowledge of the psychology of sex marks a

progress on the attitude of yesterday. Then the whole of physical love was the act of coitus. It was that or nothing. Impotence meant that there was nothing. But the art of love has today gained a new meaning and extension, aided by an enlarged knowledge of the erotic needs of women. In women, the sexual field is much wider than in men, and the possibilities of erogenic stimulation and satisfaction are increased. She is not, like man, so narrowly confined to the satisfaction of a single organ. There are indeed women who find the normal act of coitus so difficult or so painful that they are glad to escape it. It is true that the woman whose erotic experience is restricted to the simple act of coitus is apt to demand that act for adequate erotic satisfaction. But women who have not had that experience, and many indeed who have, may find complete erotic satisfaction from a partner who, though inadequately potent, is yet a skilful enough artist in love to be able to discover or divine how to satisfy his wife's erotic needs.

That is all very well, it may be objected. The lover of today may free himself from the ignorant and puritanic prejudices which of old confined the sex act to its simplest animal function. But a wholesome

normal woman needs more than erotic satisfaction: she desires to be a mother.

Here, also, there is a satisfactory answer. Not only is it more possible today than of old to satisfy the erotic needs of the impotent man's wife; it is also more possible to satisfy the maternal needs. A century ago the method of artificial insemination was devised to take the place of the natural method of depositing the seed in the female canal when that was impracticable. This device is practiced among domestic animals with complete success though there have been many failures when practiced with women. Of late, however, the method is better understood. Even its possibilities on a large scale have been advocated, notably by Prof. H. J. Muller in America and Dr. J. B. S. Haldane in England.

We may thus conclude that, even in the presence of complete impotence in the narrow technical sense, it is possible for a man to carry out both the functions for which potency was once considered indispensable: the erotic gratification of his wife and the act of procreation.

No doubt, certain trouble and difficulty may be involved in such departures from the more natural path, but at all events it is now rec-

ognized that reasonable possibilities of success remain. From the modern outlook, the whole aspect of impotence has thus been changed. Instead of being what the sufferer considered himself entitled to regard as a tragedy, it has become simply a problem, and a problem which there are now recognized ways of solving.

III

But there is even more to be said. Of old, under conditions of comparatively primitive life, not only was procreation a supremely important function, but there were few civilizational functions in social life to compete with it. The man who failed here might be viewed as a complete virile failure. But two changes have taken place. On the one hand, there are vast numbers of important cultural activities demanding so high a degree of, in the wide sense, virile energy that no one asks whether it is accompanied by sexual virility. On the other hand, the progress of physiological knowledge has shown that behind the natural activities of the body the various internal secretory glands are the generating factors of energy which in their varying degree of compensatory balance may deflect activity

from the sexual functions while retaining or even increasing it in other directions. So that the man who is not sexually potent may be potent far beyond the average in other fields of life.

I have already mentioned that this is known to be sometimes the case with noted athletes. It has been undoubtedly the case with many highly distinguished men in intellectual fields, in art and literature and philosophy. There is, for instance, John Stuart Mill, whose infantile sexual development, as it is said to have been, was no impediment to an active life in the world, to a permanent position of eminence in thought, as an expert in logic, and the pioneer of a singularly wide and tolerant social outlook, while at the same time he was the outstanding champion of the place of women in life and cherished devoted and enthusiastic relations with individual women of distinction. Then there was Cowper, whose place as a delicate and sensitive artist in English poetic literature remains unquestioned. It

may be said that his personal temperament was feminine and at times highly morbid. But turn to Bakunin, of whose sexual impotence we also hear. He was a manifestation of extravagant masculinity, a temperament of fierce energy, sweeping through Europe and arousing revolutionary social impulses which sometimes seemed likely to give him that position as a dominating social theorist which was eventually assured to his fierce enemy, Karl Marx. No three men could be more unlike. They were only united by a defect of physical energy in one direction. They were not fitted to be makers of men, but they were among the makers of our world.

Today there are many who think that our world is not so much in need of makers of men as it once was. When the legendary Noah stepped out of his Ark, sexual potency was of the first importance. Today there are some who, on looking round the world, do not feel that it is quite as universally essential.



*(Another article by Mr. Ellis, "Sexual Frigidity in Women",
will appear in an early issue.)*

REMEMBER THE MAINE?

BY EDMUND GILLIGAN

ON THE night of January 23, 1898, the officers and men of an American naval squadron, swinging at anchor outside the reefs of Key West, Florida, heard the watch sing out aloft. In the dusk far off, the running lights of a battleship rose and dipped. Presently, sliding at half-revolutions through the Atlantic swell, came the fated *U.S.S. Maine*. Signals gleamed above her conning-tower. The flagship *New York*, at the head of the line, answered. The *Maine* swept on into the East, dropped the bone from her teeth, and steamed into the position assigned by the flickering lamps. She dropped her anchor, dropped it for the last time.

An hour later, the *Detroit* also came out of the inner harbor of Key West and took her place among the other ships of the squadron: *Idaho*, *Massachusetts*, *Indiana*, *Texas*. The night passed and all the next day the fleet's launches and captains' gigs and crowded whaleboats moved from ship to ship. Signal flags fluttered

up, poured down. The routine duty of ships at sea continued until the following day, again at dusk, when the watch sang out that a destroyer was approaching from the West at full speed. This was the *Dupont*. She ran alongside the *New York* and put aboard a dispatch case from Washington.

The captains came to the flagship. First to arrive was Sigsbee, commander of the *Maine*, an Albany man who had made his mark at Mobile Bay. To him Rear Admiral Sicard, commander of the squadron, gave a verbal order to proceed to Havana to pay a "friendly visit" to the Spaniards. Twelve hours later, in the forenoon of January 25, the *Maine* steamed into the Havana harbor, fired her salute, and took aboard a pilot. He moored her to a government buoy, where she was to die.

The Consul General at Havana was General Fitzhugh Lee, a Virginia Democrat, who had a demi-Taft figure and a delicate taste in waistcoats. He was a veteran of the Confederate Army. His political

hearing was keen: he had no illusions concerning the *Maine*. He knew it was not a friendly visit. When he received a cable message from Washington that the *Maine* was scheduled to sail, he immediately replied that Blanco, the Captain General, was absent, and that a delay of five days of the ship's arrival would be wise. He was told point-blank that it was too late to recall the ship.

Lee made the best of it. Two weeks earlier he had sent the following message: "Uncertainty exists whether Blanco can control situation. If demonstrated he cannot maintain order, preserve life, and keep the peace, and if Americans and their interests are in danger, ships must be sent and to that end should be prepared to move promptly. Excitement and uncertainty predominate everywhere." He had been authorized to send a private message to Sigsbee if the *Maine* were needed to give asylum to American citizens. The politicians at home did not wait for a summons from Havana. The order to the *Maine* was their own. Yet Senator Lodge, then busily whooping up the war spirit with his "Dear Theodore", wrote later that Spain was ready to declare war because the *Maine* had gone there.

Lee was the first to talk to Sigsbee and his officers. He guided them in astute fashion through the political crisis created by the ship's arrival and by the growing local hatred of Yankees. On that first Sunday, Sigsbee and his staff went to a bull-fight. The American reporters advised against it, but the captain decided to go in order to seem friendly and "to disclose the real feeling of the populace toward me". Twenty-five Spanish soldiers guarded Sigsbee's box. Scores of others were on hand to quell expected disorders. Lee persuaded the officers to leave before the last bull was killed in order to avoid the spectators. Captain Sigsbee was not assured by the incidents of that day. He noted that General Parado, in command during Blanco's absence, bowed only once. "After that neither he nor any of the officers in his company seemed to look in our direction."

Spectators on the way home passed the *Maine* on a ferry and shouted insults. The tension grew. Sigsbee feared for his ship. He expected a plot. His executive officer, Lieutenant Commander Wainwright, took secret precautions. Visitors were vigilantly watched; sentries were doubled and their arms loaded; steam was kept up in two boilers instead of one. There

were no general liberty parties.

Lee held his expert finger on the pulse of Havana. It was high. The rebels, aided as always by Americans, were fighting desperately against Spanish rule. Scores of ships were on the way to Spain with wounded soldiers instead of the rich cargoes of sugar and tobacco. Great numbers of the *insurrectos'* women and children were starving, partly because of General Weyler's butchery of farmers and partly because the rebels themselves thwarted efforts by the Spaniards to feed refugees. Stories of these events were sent daily to the United States and the great battles for circulation in New York between Pulitzer and Hearst caused an intense rivalry to get sensational news. Much of it was faked.

It was welcome news, however, to certain people. The desire to take Cuba was an old one. Jefferson had spoken of it; and before the Civil War one insurrection had shifted its American base from New York to New Orleans because the Creole planters in Cuba desired the protection of the Slave States. The war had ended that hope, but the politicians, needing new issues to divert a people troubled by the panic of '93, turned gladly to imperialistic adventures

in the Atlantic and the Pacific. Lodge and the other opportunists pointed out four things: American investments were in danger; an American market was ruined; the deaths by starvation were a shock to humanity; and it was necessary to prepare for the building of the canal in Nicaragua. To accomplish these things they had Admiral Dewey prepare for the seizure of Manila, they attacked McKinley for his wavering foreign policy, and they sent the *Maine* to Cuba.

II

This, then, was the order of things, political and naval, on the night of February 15. Captain Sigsbee sat alone in his cabin on the *Maine*, writing to his wife. He finished the letter and was about to seal the envelope when the bugler commenced to blow taps. This bugler was well known to Sigsbee because he was an excellent musician and could rarely resist improvising a new flourish for the traditional calls. On this night he had a new note to blow and he did it so well that Sigsbee smiled. The captain then returned to his writing. It was a peaceful, silent hour, but he said later that the silence was oppressive to him.

At 9:40 the *Maine* blew up.

A roar of immense volume shattered the silence. With it came a rending, crashing sound. Instantly all the lights went out and the ship shuddered. A second explosion came and the *Maine* lurched. A downward movement began.

The sailors, awakened from sleep to die, screamed and cursed. Shells in the magazines began to explode. The ship began to shudder again. Huge flashes of yellow light burst from the hull. Billows of choking smoke poured from the powder rooms. A fire started.

Sigsbee, stunned at first, soon regained his poise. He staggered to the starboard port of his cabin, thinking it might be the only way of escape. He then saw that he could take the companionway leading to the superstructure. He groped through the smoke, hearing in agony the cries and moans of his men. Private Anthony, a marine, ran straight into him at the outer entrance and, despite the fury all about, politely apologized. The marine then reported that the ship had blown up and was sinking.

Sigsbee reached the quarterdeck and asked some questions of the officers and men there. He was told that the explosion had taken place at 9:40. Sigsbee went to the poop-deck and noted that its awning was baggy and full of debris. He

directed the executive officer to place sentries. He was informed there were no sentries—and no place for them to stand guard. Sigsbee suggested that the forward magazine be flooded. He learned that there was no longer a forward magazine. He then shouted for complete silence. All present obeyed him, except the wounded and the dying, trapped below decks by the onrush of the sea.

The captain looked out over the water and saw a white, naked body floating there. He looked again and saw two more. He heard shouts from the water and then ordered the boats to be lowered. He was informed that only his own gig and a whaleboat had escaped destruction. The work of rescue began. Sigsbee, the last to leave the *Maine*, stepped into his gig when the water brought it level with the sinking deck.

Sigsbee went aboard the steamship *City of Washington* and sent the following message to Washington: "*Maine* blown up in Havana harbor at 9:40 tonight and destroyed. Many wounded and doubtless more killed or wounded. Wounded and others on board Spanish man-of-war and Ward Line steamer. No one has clothing other than that upon him. Public opinion should be suspended until

further report. All officers believed saved. Jenkins and Merritt not yet accounted for. Many Spanish officers, including representatives of General Blanco, now with me to express sympathy."

It is interesting to note that Sigbee used the phrase "blown up" rather than "blew up". It indicates that without an item of evidence, he was already taking the position that his ship had been mined or struck by a torpedo. He used the same phrase again in later reports that summed up his losses. Two officers were killed. Twenty escaped. Of the 328 enlisted men and ratings aboard her, 250 were killed outright and eight died of wounds in a Havana hospital.

It is idle to add that public opinion was not "suspended".

III

There were three theories: first, that the Spaniards had destroyed the *Maine* out of hatred; second, that the rebels had done it in order to force the United States to declare war and deliver them; third, that the *Maine's* soft-coal had exploded and set off the magazines.

A naval court of inquiry was sent to Havana. It included one officer who had served on the *Maine*.

The court worked under great difficulties. The *Maine* had settled in the mud. She was nothing but a twisted mass of plates and wires and guns in the forward part where the evidence lay. The officers could not go down in the divers' suits and examine the wreck. They had to take evidence from divers, who were not qualified as experts on naval construction.

The court reported to President McKinley that the outer shell of the ship had been forced upward and that at Frame 18 the vertical keel was broken in two. The flat keel was bent at an angle. The court's opinion was that this effect could have been produced only by the explosion of a mine situated under the bottom of the ship at Frame 18 and somewhat on the port side. The report said that the loss of the *Maine* was not due to negligence on the part of the officers or crew, an opinion based on the testimony of survivors, who, one and all, declared that everything had been secure and in sound condition.

Some critics of the Navy decision said that the likeliest cause was the spontaneous combustion of soft coal, and they pointed out that one of the crew testified the thermostats in the bunkers, designed to indicate excessive heat, had

never worked properly. Others asserted that the court was wrong in speaking so exactly of the effect of explosives whose actions were not definitely known.

"After the blowing up of the *Maine*," said Sigsbee afterward, "divers spent several weeks making their examination. They went over the whole hull, measured the pieces of plates and frames, and these, compared with the chart of the vessel, told the story of what had happened. The initial explosion came from the outside, and that communicated to the magazines, and two or three of the forward magazines blew up. It is exactly the same thing that happened to one of the Russian battleships when she struck a mine off Port Arthur.

"I have never had a doubt that the *Maine* was blown up from the outside, but I have never expressed

an opinion as to who destroyed the vessel and I never will."

The Spanish court reported to Madrid that the explosion was not external, that it had occurred inside the *Maine*, and, to bolster this explanation, they cited similar cases in other navies.

The hulk of the *Maine* was raised in 1911 at the cost of \$1,000,000. The wreck was examined on the surface by another court of inquiry. It upheld the general conclusion of the first court, but it found that the external explosion had taken place about fifty feet away from the place originally described. The hull then was taken to sea and sunk in water so deep that another examination was impossible.

The cause of the explosion is generally considered now to be a mystery that will never be explained.



EDITORIAL

From the Seats of the Mighty

IN AN EFFORT to persuade a nationwide radio audience that his father, the President, has no intention of becoming a dictator, Mr. James Roosevelt said the other day:

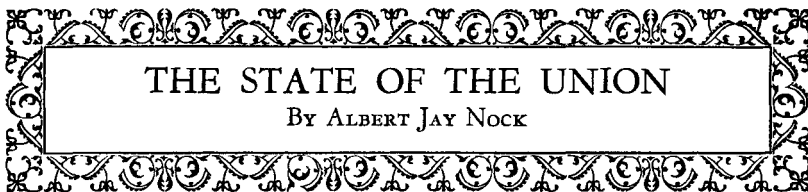
The history of dictatorships in the modern world shows that they *have not* crept up inside the governments of democracies through the gradual increase of the powers of the executive branch. Instead, they have rushed from outside the government upon a people who have lost confidence in the efficiency of the machinery of their government. *No dictator in the world today had any important part in the constitutional, parliamentary or democratic government which he superseded.*

The complete falsehood of that last sentence is patent to anyone who knows anything about recent history. The two most widely-known dictators in the world today are Adolf Hitler and Josef Stalin. It is indisputable that each played an "important part in the constitutional, parliamentary, or democratic government which he superseded". Hitler was the constitutional Chancellor of the German Republic before he usurped complete power: Stalin was Lenin's

constitutional successor as Chairman of the Politbureau before he usurped complete power. There can be no conceivable difference of opinion about these facts. Furthermore, among the minor *Führers*, Vargas was the constitutionally-elected president of Brazil, and is now the dictator. Carol was the constitutional ruler of Rumania, and is now dictator. The list could be extended to cover almost every dictator in the world.

In other words, President Roosevelt is today in the perfect position to assume dictatorial powers, the actual situation being the exact opposite of the untrue propaganda picture broadcast by his son.

The point we would like to make concerns the average American who finds it necessary to believe *somebody*. Matters have now reached the stage in which he cannot believe even a supposed statement of fact issued directly from the White House. Is it any wonder that the morale of his country is disintegrating daily before the American's eyes?



THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

Government by Racketeers

I SEE no reason to be mealy-mouthed about the fact that the United States has always been governed by pressure-groups. The actual power-groups, consisting of Congresses, Presidents, courts, and the general jobholding personnel, have always functioned at the will of the pressure-groups behind them. Everybody now knows this is so, and any pretense to the contrary is preposterous. The Constitution was hammered into shape at the bidding of a set of pressure-groups. The same set dictated the enabling legislation that was framed under Washington's Administration. Under John Adams the same set continued to run things with a high hand, but overdid it considerably and ran them into the ground, politically speaking; and in 1800, another set of pressure-groups ousted the old set, put its own representatives in office, and began the bitter fight which culminated in 1829 in the great irruption of "democracy" under Andrew Jackson.

So it has gone ever since. Finan-

ciers and industrialists; farmers and artisans; diggers of gold, silver, oil, coal, iron; land-speculators; railway speculators; enterprisers carrying the flag into exploitable foreign parts; ex-soldiers; labor-racketeers; racketeers in various pseudo-religious, pseudo-moral, pseudo-social undertakings; latterly hoboos and ne'er-do-wells; all these groups, singly or in combination, have at one time or another held a directing hand on the reins of government, and there is at present no prospect but that government by pressure-groups will continue indefinitely.

Some say, however, especially our friends who are of the Liberal persuasion, that this is quite the way democracy ought to work. Their idea is that democracy means government by compromise. Its politics are the politics of continuous compromise, and its policies are therefore always what Dr. Charles A. Beard, in speaking of the Constitution, so happily calls "a mosaic of second choices". Out of these rough-and-tumble strug-

gles for group-control, government is supposed finally to take a sort of resultant line set by all the divergent lines along which the contesting groups are moving; not coinciding with any, but yielding a measure of compromise-consideration to all; and this is democracy in action.

Theoretically it may be so, perhaps, but I doubt it. Actually, however, the thing does not work out that way; it never has, and apparently never will. What always happens is that when a pressure-group gets control, it also gets a vision of "too much ego in its cosmos", and overplays its hand. It bears down too hard, not only on competing groups, but also on a large neutral public which is in the position of a mere innocent bystander. This goes on until all hands are fed up with its exactions, oppressions, enormities, and it is replaced by a competing group which comes into power voracious, unscrupulous, full of vicious resentment, and intent on imposing fresh exactions, oppressions, and enormities of its own. Then presently another displacement to the same effect; then another and another — pull Dick, pull devil! — and so on.

Meanwhile the whole social machinery runs further and further out of gear; and all the faster be-

cause the triumph of each successive pressure-group lets in collateral evils which were generally unforeseen, and which sap the spirit of a whole people and deprave it. The long triumph of the Prohibitionist pressure-group is a notorious instance of this; and even more notorious is the triumph of the pressure-group which brought in the income-tax. I choose these two examples because, as it happened, the objects aimed at by both sets of pressure-groups were good; in the one case the reduction or prevention of drunkenness, and in the other the reduction or prevention of over-large concentrations of wealth. But as a recent writer says, "to seize upon the wrong thing and use it for the right reason is a fair working-definition of barbarism", and this was precisely what was done in these two instances; the remedy which was invoked was far worse than the disease. Certainly, if the design had been, on the one hand, deliberately to demoralize the spirit and conscience of a whole people; and on the other, to give the greatest incentive to governmental extravagance, wastefulness, corruption, and coercion, no two better devices for the purpose could have been conceived than Prohibition and the income-tax.

The latest thing in pressure-

group government is furnished by Mr. John L. Lewis' proletarian cohorts. Their aims and particularly their methods fully illustrate the point we are making. Those methods reflect almost exactly the technique of the Fascist European governments — a technique simply of "Do this, or else. . . ." The *démarches* of Hitler and Mussolini are essentially only the purposeful, hard-hitting tactics of Mr. Lewis' guerillas, transferred to the international sphere. Again as in Italy and Germany, the brunt of these minority pressure-group forays is borne by an amorphous unorganized public, almost wholly of the middle class, inert and without leadership; and thus their effect is only to throw the social mechanism still further out of order.

To show how this is so, it is only necessary to imagine what would happen to our social mechanism if this amorphous middle-class public should organize itself into a pressure-group and take over the roughneck tactics of Mr. Lewis' legions. Such a thing is of course impossible, but it is easy to imagine, and easier still to imagine the social consequences if it became a fact. Suppose that in the case of a strike against the motor-car industry, for instance, as in Flint or Detroit, the whole middle class throughout the

region declared a strike against the strikers. When a striker goes into a grocery to buy food, the clerk will not deal with him; when he orders his Winter's coal, he is told that he is unfair to the organized public, and there is nothing doing; the dry-goods shops refuse to clothe his wife and daughters; the dairies will not sell him milk for his babies; the butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker follow suit; physicians and druggists turn him down; so even do money-lenders. If the striker objects to this sort of treatment, a middle-class posse, like Mr. Lewis' shock-troops, stands ready to do him in. Again, there are in the country about twelve million capitalists, large and small, shareholders in various enterprises. Suppose they organize themselves into a union, get into the game with the tradesmen and professional men, and refuse to put up a cent of capital to make work for anybody until Mr. Lewis and his janizaries are satisfactorily tamed down?

As I say, no such thing is possible, but one can imagine what the state of society would be like if the unorganized public thus rose in self-defense against Mr. Lewis' pressure-group, and employed Mr. Lewis' own tactics. Well, my point is that the whole general principle of government by pressure-groups

invariably tends towards just this intolerable and anarchic state of society, and there is no help for it. When the Prohibitionists had the government under their heel, they pushed our society as far as they possibly could towards this state of anarchy and dereliction. Now that Mr. Lewis' pressure-group have it under their heel, they are pushing it as far as they can in the same direction.

II

Why, then, must government by pressure-groups go on? Simply because every American citizen is born with the idea that the main function of government is to "help business", and helping business means, first and foremost, helping *his* business. There is no possibility of getting that idea out of the citizen's head, even though it be ever so clearly shown that governmental intervention to help *his* business invariably means hurting somebody else's business, and that the total cumulative effect of these interventions must be to bring about a state of anarchy and social collapse. As long as this idea persists, obviously, there can be no government except by pressure-groups, because the essence of that idea is that government is a machine

which, if one can get control of it, may be used to help oneself and hurt somebody else. But as I have said, all our fellow-citizens have just that idea fixed in the very foundation of their minds, and nothing can dislodge it.

Consider again for a moment the course of government by the pressure-group of which Mr. Lewis' CIO is the spearhead. In 1932, Mr. Roosevelt fused this group overnight by the simple expedient of declaring that it is the duty of the government to support its people. This doctrine immediately caused the coalescence of the most formidable pressure-group the country ever saw, consisting not only of unfortunate and deserving persons, but also including an enormous mass of unemployables, small-bore racketeers, the discontented and envious, idlers, wastrels, and job-holders—in short, all who could be attracted by the prospect of getting something for nothing. This nondescript group, like all pressure-groups, regarded government as a machine for helping *its* business and hurting other people's. It has now controlled the government for five years under the ægis of the New Deal; and what has been the result?

The New Deal threw away billions of dollars, then blew up ig-

nobly, leaving the country precisely as it was to start with, except for an appalling weight of debt and a swarming rabble of jobholders. It has hurt everybody's business but the pressure-group's — if you wish to see the New Deal's monument, look around you. Its policy of plundering the rich and thrifty to subsidize the "underprivileged" has also seriously jeopardized the future by taking away money which normally would be invested in making good the wear and tear of capital and providing fresh means of production hereafter — a danger which seems to be going quite unrecognized. It has debauched the electorate, debauched the national spirit, debauched the public service, debauched Congress and the legislatures, debauched the courts; it has lowered the tone of our institutions to the full extent of its power to do so, and it has immeasurably lowered the tone of our society at large.

So much, then, for the most recent and striking example of what happens under the theory that the chief duty of government is to "help business". That theory has brought the country's whole economic structure most uncomfortably close to the point of complete collapse. When the Republic was formed, a hundred and fifty years

ago, some men — a few — held to another theory. Benjamin Franklin, generally thought to be pretty level-headed, was one of them. They believed that government should have nothing to do with business, either to help or hinder, except to punish fraud and enforce the obligations of contract; and under that theory, of course, there could be no government by pressure-groups.

Query: Would the country be in as bad a mess as it is today if that theory were put in force tomorrow? Suppose that from tomorrow on, the government, federal, state, and municipal, took its hands off business and kept them off, except to punish dishonesty and fraud, and to compel the fulfillment of contractual obligations; what then? Nobody would expect any miracles; the change would not turn all hands into angels overnight. My only query is whether, no matter what the resulting mess might be, it would be as bad as the mess we are in now as a consequence of having the government's finger stuck deep in every commercial and industrial pie? For my part I heartily doubt it, and I believe that if my readers will dispassionately think the matter out, they will doubt it as heartily as I do.

BACK TO NATURE

BY ALAN DEVOE

The Rape of a Continent

THE magazines and journals of our day are full of information. They are freighted with interpretive articles about Fascism and Communism and the Mediterranean Problem and How-To-Make-A-Budget and a million other matters in the realms of politics and music and literature and economics. But there is exhibited, too, one most curious and astounding dearth. Seldom, in all this loud and disputative gabble about John L. Lewis and the Falling Franc and the rest, is there written a single word which might inform the reader concerning the basic and unchanging facts of the real world.

It is quite possible that Communism could possess the entire globe, and the human race still survive. It is unlikely that even the coming of a universal Fascism would erase mankind. But let the birds perish from the earth, and we perish with them. Let us meddle a little too stupidly with the soil and with green growing things, and we will bring about not Communism nor Fascism nor any such passing

plague, but a rather more important thing. We will bring about sure and certain death.

Politics is not an unimportant thing, nor is economics or the theater or the current fashion in women's hats. But still less is it unimportant that men should know something concerning the diet of a sharp-shinned hawk and the excretory processes of a luna moth and the mental temper of a rabbit . . . should know something, in short, about that real world that forever underlies all the fanciful structures we may care to erect upon it, and which is, in the only sense in which men may utter such a word, everlasting.

We are accustomed, in our more complacent moments, to think of our day as an Age of Science; but it is gravely to be doubted whether the average man has a much clearer knowledge of his universe than had his predecessor in the thirteenth century or in the day of Ptolemy. Buttonhole a dozen passers-by along a street, and you will be unlikely to find one who has

not some information about the New Deal, or who does not know, be he ever so unmusical, that a man named Toscanini conducted concerts in the city of New York last season. But try the trick again, and this time ask some very simple question, pertaining to the rudiments of our earth. Ask, perhaps, how a common dandelion breathes; or why an oak tree is swathed in bark; or by what process an earthworm's eggs are fertilized. And you will be apt to find — in this enlightened day when the plain man has jettisoned his religion "because science has disproved it", and when he has lost, too, his ancient humility, assuming instead the mantle of arrogance — you will be apt to find that none can give you answer.

It is proposed to examine in this department each month some simple aspect of the aboriginal planet. While Mr. Nock, in an adjacent department, is peering at the wild and wonderful politics of our country and reporting upon THE STATE OF THE UNION, we intend to peer instead at cabbage-butterflies and white-footed mice, mountains and meadow-lands, and to report in simple fashion upon all those things which, if we may steal a thought from Mr. Chesterton, are so surpassingly wonderful and so

profoundly significant that hardly anybody bothers to pay any attention to them.

It has been hinted that a little knowledge of elementary natural history is at least as important to man as a little knowledge of the stock market and of contract bridge. There are two reasons. The first is the entirely material one that ignorance in this connection leads to physical perils and predicaments. It is precisely because our natural rapacity was not tempered by a simple understanding of the phenomenon called erosion, that we are currently confronted by the grisly spectacle known as the Dust Storms. Because we lacked the understanding of nature which would have given us forethought, no shimmering flocks of passenger pigeons now pass whistling through the sky, no herds of wild bison now make the Great Plains thunder with their hoofs. The upland plover and the white egret are on the rim of vanishment forever, and a dozen other birds and beasts of extraordinary value to our physical welfare may no longer exist to render service to our children.

That is one reason why it is good to know something about this earth. But I think it is not the most important reason. It is no

new remark, but a singularly true one, that man does not live by bread alone. He has, too, a mighty hunger of the spirit. And as, in the march of our culture toward mechanization and urbanity, we have receded further and further from our old intimacy with nature, we have lost by slow degrees our ancient heritage of awe and wonder and exultation. Penned in cities, caught in the clattering routines of a mechanical civilization, we have let our old awarenesses slough away and have forgotten that the real world — down under the concrete streets, up above the skyscrapers, outside the boundaries of our complicated *kraals* — is no less full of loveliness and mystery, no less pregnant with implication, than ever it was. It is a good time, now, to turn occasionally from the brutal chaos of human insanities, and to look at a sprouting wheat-seed, or a promethea cocoon on a sassafras twig, or the pattern of deer-tracks in a woods, and to refresh our spirit. It is a good time, now, to remind ourselves of our right place in the structure of the universe, and, in contemplation of the real world of gnats and fish and trees and oceans, to subdue to their proper stature those daily concerns which tend to bedevil us so disproportionately. Old William Words-

worth, with his “one impulse from a vernal wood”, was being less fanciful than we sometimes think.

II

There is not room now, after so wordy a preamble, to say much more this month. But I think that the rest of this small space might advantageously be given, as a kind of donning of hair shirts, to a penitent consideration of the slaughters and extinctions already to be laid at our door, in the brief time we have tenanted this continent. At the present writing, there are some seven million licensed hunters in the United States. How many more have shot and trapped and snared and dynamited and poisoned, since first we invaded the rich wilderness, may hardly be guessed; but the consequence of their handiwork is ascertainable. In our woods and fields and meadows now, there survives not more than two per cent of the game that roamed there half a century ago. Less than a century ago the great auk still perched on the Newfoundland rocks, the Labrador duck still flew along our seaboard, the Eskimo curlew still flashed its cinnamon wings in our autumnal sky as it passed to its wintering-ground in Chile and the Argentine. They

are gone now, all of them. In a single year we butchered a billion passenger pigeons, and now there does not survive a single member of a clan which once was so numerous that Audubon saw flocks that took three days to pass an observation-point, and which were so dense that they eclipsed the noonday sun. They are all gone now, and our woods are the more silent, and the less lit with color. The brilliant parakeet no longer flies and chatters in the Florida forests; the last of them was slaughtered, for the adornment of hats, in so recent and so enlightened a year as 1904. It is a grim recital, this Bygone Bestiary, and could be long extended. Our great native elk, the wapiti, is not yet wholly vanished, but is likely soon to be. There were ten million once; there are a handful of thousands now.

Year upon year 850,000 skunk skins go to the market, and very nearly a million skins of moles, and from a thousand quiet streams and waterways the beaver has now wholly disappeared.

Yes, it is a good thing to know something about the earth. For to be initiated into knowledge of the earth—to feel a re-awareness of even the very simplest of her miracles—is really nothing less than a returning home. For out of the earth we are sprung, and on it we live, and into it we are interred; and it is still, in 1938, quite as much our Mother as it was Mother to the cave man. It is still full of the forces which are life to us, if rightly used, and death if wrongly. It is still—whatever happen in politics or economics or theology or art—our one and inescapable dwelling-place.



THE LIBRARY

*The Businessman In History*¹

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

I APPROACHED this book with suspicion, for it is a formidable volume of 779 pages. On the dust-cover a kilted broker of Lower Egypt—an accountant of Thutmosis III, perhaps—examines a papyrus invoice, while a modern ticker spins its tape behind him. You can never tell about such a book, these days. It might be an ideological assault on the profit system; or it might be a chunk of reactionary literature, pleading that there is no harm in turning an honest dime, provided the poor are looked after. Or an historical novel, written with an eye on Hollywood. I consider, in fact, that the reading of books has now become one of the hazardous occupations.

But Miss Miriam Beard has done what her title indicates; and it is a rare thing for a writer to be true to the announced title. Furthermore, her idea and her search are new, so far as I know. There have been many case-histories and

chronicles of individuals, such as the Fuggers and the House of Rothschild and the books on Rockefeller; but I call to mind no previous generic study of the merchant as such. This is an attempt to isolate the businessman from his background, to strip him of his protective coloration, and to discover if he exists in himself, as a soldier or a poet exists; or if the essence of his being is wholly in the articles of commerce he purveys.

. . . Digressing a little, there was a movie a few years back called *The House of Rothschild*, and the memory of it is still an irritant to me; but I recall that I was quite alone in viewing it as a rather adroit bit of racial propaganda. You may remember it: Mr. George Arliss played the lead, and it was starred with big names as a pudding is with raisins. It told the story of that great trading house, and its dealings with the destiny of the world through The Hundred

¹ *A History of the Businessman*, by Miriam Beard. \$5.00. Macmillan.

Days. It opened with the Congress of Vienna: Wellington and Metternich and Talleyrand; the Bourbons, the Hapsburgs, and the Czar, squatting in splendor to the liquidation of Napoleonic France. Upon their deliberations broke a chilling whisper, rising to a scream: *He has departed from Elba! He has landed in France! He is gathering his armies!* Shrill bugles drowned the violin music, the diplomats and the old kings scuttled to cover, and the soldiers took the field: all Europe began marching down upon the land of France where the Emperor was holding his *Champ de Mai*. (Meantime, the banking brother for England, and he of France, and he of the Germanies, and the wise old *grossmutter* of Austria, put their heads together in the cellar of a mean house on a Ghetto alley — Gentiles pitching cobblestones through the windows upstairs, you understand — and decided to lend no money to Napoleon.)

There ensued some very fine movie sequences. The film throbbed with martial music. *God Save the King*. *Die Wacht am Rhein*. The Russian Imperial Anthem. And *Sambre et Meuse*. And the trumpets. And the drums. Always the drums, and the feet of soldiers pounding across Europe,

army upon army. (But in the cellar, the brothers Rothschild have decided that the Allies had better win: make some advances to the Bourbon monarch, if we can find the fellow, now fugitive: observe shrewdly the fluctuations of the English Exchange.)

Appropriate love interest was interpolated; and historical passages. The fat little man with his Roman face, in his green coat of the *Garde Chasseurs*, riding again on his white Arabian mare. The Iron Duke, lean, beak-nosed, on the tall horse Copenhagen. The Redcoat regiments, and the Highlanders, and the English Household Cavalry. And, flooding up the long white road from Paris through the bland June weather, the last Army of the Empire: blue and silver of the light cavalry, green jackets of the dragoons, bright steel of the cuirassiers: the bearskins and white gaiters of the Old Guard, and the blue coats and shakos of the French Line.

(The brothers Rothschild are backing the British credits, and buying up consols, which fall these days. No: this French Emperor must be disposed of: Brothers Rothschild will dispose of him: they speak shrewd and noble lines: the acting and the characters are alike superb.)

The Ball at Brussels — *There was a sound of revelry by night* — the Emperor's bivouac at Belle Alliance on the Waterloo Plain: gunfire off-stage and the gay young officers kissing their girls good-bye while the troops get to arms. Then that June Sunday, the valor and the fury and the striving: with rare art, all the panting agony of that battle, the death throes of Imperial Gaul, were conveyed through the medium of light and celluloid and sound. (But none of it mattered, because those merchants, in their cellar, decided that Napoleon wouldn't do.)

It ends on a high note: love and kisses, and General Bonaparte packed off to the South Atlantic island. Business triumphs over all. I found it profoundly irritating.

For motives not entirely clear, the House of Rothschild set itself against Napoleon — although Napoleon, first of any modern ruler, admitted the Jew to citizenship, with its privileges and obligations, and enacted legislation placing him on equal footing with every other French Citizen. And they beat him at Waterloo — although Meyer admitted in conference that the Emperor was more likely to pay his debts than the other crowd. The armies, you infer, might as well have stayed at home: the dead

of Waterloo died for nothing. Of course, there was a profit, gained from quick trading on advance information of the outcome of Waterloo; but you would expect them to make a profit. They beat Napoleon: so what?

But return to Miss Beard. . . .

In the beginning, she shows there was prejudice against the businessman: the Homeric heroes resented fiercely the imputation of a trade connection. Thus the much-experienced Odysseus, fished off the beach by sweet Nausicaa and led to the royal pirate, her father, for rations and quarters, is monstrously insulted by the noble Euryalus, a gentleman of the court: "No, truly, stranger, I do not think thee at all like a skilled sportsman, but rather like a merchant. . . ." In point of fact, Euryalus had his grounds, for the wise Odysseus, much battered by the waves, must have looked in low condition. But he was enraged. With fierce glares at those present, he seized an enormous stone, bigger than any ordinary man could lift, and hurled it to a great distance, a fine feat of arms. Euryalus, properly impressed, made immediate apologies, gave him a sword, and called him Venerable: good King Alcinous recognized him as no merchant, but a gentleman of war and

a social equal. Homer's merchants were careworn fellows, whose minds ran mainly on cargoes and profits, rather than on the elevating occupations of love and war. And Homer's patterns have endured.

Of course the merchant was there, in Homer's time. He has been there always. Archeologists turn up today his contracts and instruments engraved on clay tablets, sealed and filed away, in the tumuli of the Sumerian civilizations, older than Homer's songs. Smirking behind the well-greaved Greeks of the Argive Expeditionary Force that went to Troy stands the munitions-merchant who found them their equipments; for the warrior has never stooped to such low things as the financing and the manufacture of his weapons.

Not only that: the businessman went along ahead of the warrior. It was the high-prowed galley of the Phoenician trader which first ventured through the Pillars of Hercules, out of the warm Middle Sea, into the ominous black ocean river that flowed around the world. Arabian dhows traded east from Suez long before Alexander. The Chinese junk surely knew the far reaches of the Indian Ocean and the shores of Africa. These men, whose exploits and whose daring are forgotten in a welter of lesser

things, were traders: out to barter, out for profit. When their sordid investigations indicated something worth a gentleman's while, the soldiers and statesmen followed.

Miss Miriam Beard traces the story, and it is a story rich with incident. Petronius in the *Satyricon* set down for all time the successful parvenu in the person of Trimalchio, a character surely done from the life. She presents the rise and fall of the medieval merchant-patricians, especially they of Lübeck and the great Hanse towns of Germany; most able people in their day. She describes the Magnificoes of Venice, merchants who did a unique thing: they bought the Fourth Crusade, horse, foot, and siege engines, deflected it from its holy objective, and used it to destroy the vexatious competitor, Constantinople. There follow the merchants of Florence, who put their man upon Peter's throne; and the German oligarchs who lent money to Emperors, dunned them mercilessly, and collected, too; and the seventeenth-century Dutch, the most successful of all. The businessman has never altogether succeeded in dominating an important society; but their High Mightinesses of the Netherlands came very near it. In every country the businessmen have had their rises

and their falls: nowhere have they been more influential than in the United States; and their American apogee was The Man Who Knew Coolidge. The list is too long for detail, but Miss Beard has overlooked nobody of importance.

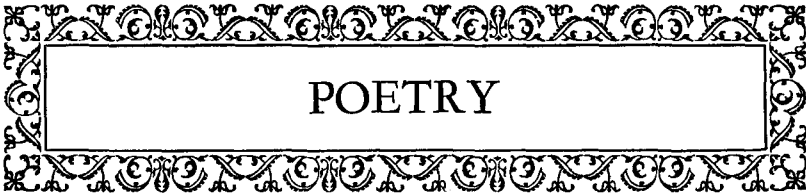
Surveying the tale, it is one of adventure and resource, or imagination and daring, or courage and persistence, with incident more rich and varied than the material of those myths and legends with which other human professions nourish their souls and gloss over their inadequacies. Yet Miss Beard finds the businessman, as a class and type, forever lacking significance. She considers: "In short, the businessman has steered a veering course. He has favored peace and war, unity and chaos, mystery and science, according to the immediate prospects of profit. Other men, warriors and rulers, have sought gold more greedily than he, but they could at least pretend to other ends, whereas he has never been able to work up a similar sustained hocus-pocus about his activities, or hold up even an illusory goal. He had . . . no discoverable ultimate purpose. . . .

"He did not try to remedy this

condition, by creating a legend around his own figure; he did not retain scribes and bards in his office as Roman and Renaissance captains kept them in their tents. He chose either of two courses: he took over the tradition of some other class, or renounced it entirely. . . .

"Since, with varying degrees of success, the businessman stood in opposition to the history-conscious feudal classes, he could not expect to be admitted to *their* history. And he would not make one of his own. The result was, he got scant credit for his operations . . . he remained ignored by reputable writers. It was his antagonism to the history-conscious feudal classes which made history, and at the same time, deprived him of a history."

In a word, it is time the businessmen hired a research staff and a corps of press-agents. Such presentations as *The House of Rothschild*, mentioned above, are not the things to give the troops. At this particular time, when the businessman, his sorrows, and his assuagements are the especial concerns of our Chief Executive and the Congress, Miss Beard's book is both timely and instructive.



POETRY

INTERVAL

By SISTER M. THÉRÈSE

THERE have been years and silences between
Your going and this lovely month of May;
Now that the musk rose burns when dawns are gray,
And tremulous larksong shatters all this keen
And quiet sky — contemplative, serene,
You come again in dear, familiar way
To rest my heart with loveliness today,
To heal my soul with Beauty unforeseen.

But I am older now, and subtly wise;
Grown to soul-stature you would have me reach;
And I can bear with calm, untroubled eyes
This touch of stars, this lone wind up the beach;
And see, with muted lips and heart unstirred,
Upon the garden path a crumpled bird.

CABIN AGAINST THE HILL

By LOUIS STODDARD

ON THIS thin soil where hills and mountains meet,
And not much else a mortal can define,
The desolation has been made complete
With walls that feed the termites and the vine.
This is the testament of a man's defeat.
He tired of shuffling over a given line

Day after day that he might live and eat.
This was his own, a proud freehand design
Hacked by an axe, scratched with a plow on slopes
That grow the hemlock better than the wheat.
So he withdrew the remnants of his hopes
Back, back to the sagging door, to the last retreat.
Now, ringed about by weeds to the rotting sill,
His cabin squats with its back against the hill.

HAVING RENOUNCED YOU

BY JESSICA POWERS

HAVING tonight renounced you utterly,
And bending low to lay hope in a tomb
That needs no trusty guard lest there should be
A subsequent resurrection, making room
Across my lands for the long evening,
Still have I joy so positive I sing.

For now there is no finger of possession
Upon my prayers for you, and when I go
Into God's presence with the bleak confession
Of the last poverty of love, I know
He will be moved with pity as I stand
Holding that master weapon in my hand.



AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

THE safety-first motto is taken literally by a righteous citizen of Randolph County, according to the *Pocahontas Star Herald*:

Mon Blazer, aged about 50, farmer living near Pocahontas, emasculated himself with a pocket knife at his home Saturday. After burying the parts removed, he informed his wife of what he had done. She sewed up the laceration with black thread and called Dr. J. W. Ryburn of Pocahontas. The doctor says Blazer will not die as a result of the operation. When asked why he did so drastic a thing, Blazer replied that he had heard so much of young girls being attacked by men and he didn't want to be accused of such.

CALIFORNIA

DEFINITE proof of the cultural benefits of radio, as reported from Hollywood by the Columbia Broadcasting Company:

While 1000 persons awaited the opening of Joe Penner's broadcast from the CBS Vine Street Playhouse, a young salesman marched back and forth leading eight yellow ducklings in harness. He sold seven, and the theater ushers were obliged to ask the owner-patrons to check them out-side before the broadcast.

SERIOUS civic problem is handled tactfully by an advertiser in *Hollywood Life*:

YOUR CHOICE?

*When Your Faithful Dog Passes On,
What Will Be Your Decision?*

1. Bury him in your yard and be subject to \$50 fine?
2. Call the garbage department and permit the remains to be rendered into fertilizer?
3. Arrange a reasonably priced, dignified burial or cremation at the L. A. Pet Cemetery?

LOS ANGELES PET CEMETERY
Day and Night, call GR-8655

DELAWARE

INSCRUTABLE workings of Fate in the political world, as reported by the *Wilmington Journal-Every Evening*:

Mayor Walter W. Bacon suffered an attack of kidney trouble last night. Because of his illness the Mayor was forced to cancel an engagement he had this evening to open the 15th annual convention of the Supreme Herd, Ladies' Independent Order of Reindeer of America.

ILLINOIS

Civic tragedy is narrowly averted by the enterprising burghers of

Elizabethtown, as reported by the *Hardin County Independent*:

"Cap" R. E. Taylor's cow, that's "expecting", fell in the hole in the Elizabethtown school yard where the outside toilet had once stood, Saturday, and couldn't climb out. The wrecker from the Rosiclare Chevrolet garage was called, but even the wrecker could not get the cow out of the hole. So a path was dug, and the animal walked out, seemingly unharmed.

THE furniture industry keeps pace with America's advancing culture, according to the Chicago bureau of the Associated Press:

The "mad seat" for giving the "heavy date" the "cold shoulder" was exhibited at the American Furniture Mart's midseasonal showing. This new living room piece is a half-moon with a back on the inner side. The midsection of the seat is divided with two arms, leaving a corner on the outer side of each arm.

If the middle-seat occupant should get peeved at the person next to him, a move to the outer side of the arm would change the situation from cheek-to-cheek to back-to-back.

THE code of medical ethics is taken for a ride by a progressive citizen of Brookfield, as advertised in the Linneus, Missouri, *Bulletin*:

(To Clear Up A Misconception)

NOT SO MUCH WHAT AS WHEN!

I am a graduate "DOCTOR OF OPTOMETRY" having the degree from Northern Illinois College of

Optometry, Chicago, and, I am not and don't want to be a medical doctor.

There are some M.D.'s who object to any other profession using the title of "Doctor" seeming to think that God Almighty gave them the only right to use it. Well WHAT you call me either doctor or mister, is not half as important as that WHEN your eyes bother you I am the fellow to call, for eyes are my sole interest, I don't want to dig the wax out of your ears, nor do I wish to blow your nose or cut your throat, all I want to do is to keep you seeing well, for life is short and there is a lot to see. OPTOMETRY IS A MECHANICAL SCIENCE OF EYESIGHT CARE and Optometrists are far better qualified to do the job correctly, for their talents are all centered on eyes and we do not treat "belly achers" or ingrowing nails along with taking care of your eyes.

So it's not WHAT you call me that matters, but it is highly important that you do call me WHEN you need proper eye service.

S. M. STRAIN

(Doctor or Mister, Take Your Choice)

KENTUCKY

SCHISM looms in the heart of the Bible Belt, as reported by U. P.:

Dr. Henry Noble Sherwood, former pastor of three Baptist churches, was threatened today with dismissal from the presidency of Georgetown College, Kentucky, because he has been baptized only once. A conservative element of the General Educational Committee contends one immersion is sufficient for a layman but that a minister should be baptized at least twice to insure his good faith.

THE OPEN FORUM

TO HELL WITH AN ENGLISHMAN

SIR: But for two pieces of evidence in your article entitled "To Hell With America!", everything points to non-English authorship. There is, of course, THE MERCURY's unassailable veracity; and you have told us that the article was written "By An Englishman". Without casting aspersions upon your veracity, I must remark that its evidential quality is considerably less than that which attaches to one of the author's omissions: from beginning to end of the article the author's silence about that little debt of four billion dollars fairly screams his English citizenship at us. Who but an Englishman could be so tactfully unconscious on so pertinent a theme?

Nevertheless, your "Englishman" proceeds in almost every other respect to offer internal evidence against his being English. It simply challenges credence that any Englishman in his "round of daily life in London" could be so ignorant of his country and city as to say that "to date, we have not been harassed" by any of a list of forty-eight items which he apparently believes to be distinctively American. I will readily grant that a few of the items in his list appear to be peculiarly American, but for most of them your Englishman has the absolute equivalent, or worse than an equivalent, right under his nose — unless, of course, his nose is tilted at such an angle that they have never come within his observation.

Fancy an Englishman commenting with pride that he has not been harassed by "White House trade endorsements". Has he never seen the words "By Appointment to His Majesty"? For every trade endorsement which can be placed against the account of Eleanor, a thousand, to put the matter con-

servatively, can be charged against Buckingham Palace. Fancy an Englishman joyfully remarking that to date he has not been harassed by Madame Perkins. Has he never heard of Margaret Bondfield? Does he not know that some American women clamored for the American Government to follow in the footsteps of the British Government which first installed a lady "Do-Gooder" or stoop-downer in a Cabinet post, and that, too, in the secretaryship of labor?

So, he has no Earl Browder! Tut, tut! He has another one of Stalin's Charlie McCarthys in the person of Harry Pollit; and he's had at least two official members of the Communist Party in Parliament, Saklatvala and Gallacher, while the worst that has befallen us in this respect is an *appointed* assistant to the Borough President of Brooklyn.

Again, we can lay no claim to originality in our "cotton and pig control". In this matter, we were simply aping the Stevenson Plan for the control of rubber, a British measure which in every respect matched the Wallace idiocies and antedated them by several years. No "organized pacifism" in England? There is, indeed; and its magnitude is at least ten times that of any corresponding group in America! Where did we get the "Oxford Pledge"?

It isn't clear what your hell-wishing Englishman has in mind in his references to Senator Borah, Mayor LaGuardia, and Felix Frankfurter. Senator Borah has, perhaps, done as much as any living American to prevent that horrendous English-speaking union, the nightmarish thought of which seems to have prompted your author to take his pen in hand. We do, indeed, have

our diversified oddities in our political scene; but Lloyd George, Sir Oswald Mosley, and John Strachey still belong to the British Empire, except when the last-named gentleman temporarily sojourns in the midst of us for our enlightenment and his lecture fees.

Who said there were no "May Day parades" in London? Where does your anonymous Englishman spend his time on May Day? And does he not know that our Union Square is a mild version of Hyde Park?

Yes, we have an insignificant share of "yogi-ism" which we certainly got from the British Empire — from its Indians, not ours!

On and on I could go with the rest of the items in the list, but I must forbear and end this rebuttal with a timely observation on the Englishman's strong preference for Anthony Eden as against James A. Farley. "Not on your life!" says the writer, would he swap Anthony for Jim. But it is widely alleged by highly vocal portions of the British Empire that the British Parliament recently swapped Anthony for Benito.

J. B. MATTHEWS

P.S. — I gather that the writer of your article abhors the New Deal. So do I. I further understand him to be opposed to any sort of alliance between the British Empire and the United States. So am I.

*Washington,
New Jersey.*

SIR: "To Hell With America!" was such grand reading. For after all, ninth-generation American though I am, I find myself often with a nostalgic longing for England. This article sounds just exactly like a conversation with all the English I've ever known, from bum to baron. The accent may be different. But look for no such variation in the feeling toward America. It is the same monotonous refrain that is sung, this time so delightfully in "To Hell With America!"

This sameness is no matter of chance. It

is due to an inferiority complex which blossomed following the World War. One of the bitter things that war brought home to the Englishman was that England no longer sat atop the world in majestic splendor. He realized that she was being considerably squeezed for space by these United States of America. It's all so very unreasonable, you see. A crude, sprawling race of ill-bred mongrels, with the predominant strain British — how could it be possible? The fact that it is, is too much. You may depend on it. We shall never be forgiven for the fact we saved their skin for them once.

AN AMERICAN

*Boston,
Massachusetts.*

SIR: For many weeks my wife and I have been laboring faithfully in America in behalf of a permanent understanding between Britain and the United States, upon which depends the welfare of all nations. Fortunately my wife enjoys a modest income derived from inheritance in part of the fortune accumulated by her father in the manufacture of munitions. This fact, together with possession of a title (the designation of which it is not expedient to disclose), gives us both an entrée into influential circles where our labors in furtherance of British leadership are cordially welcomed. Imagine, therefore, our consternation when we were confronted in the March issue of *THE MERCURY* with "To Hell With America!"

The anonymous writer vents his spleen upon many curious American customs, which seem to him to make a complete picture of a melting-pot of conglomerate peoples bearing the name of Americans. He makes no allowance for the youthfulness of this land and its unfamiliarity with the polish that comes only with centuries of English culture. I surmise, from his allusions to the City, that this person himself belongs to the lower classes. Obviously he has never visited America. His attitude is that of the rural boor of Warwickshire who, when he spied an American en route to

Shakespeare's shrine, shouted to his fellow rustic, "'Ere's a stranger, Bill! Let's 'eave arf a brick at 'im!'"

That America presents many quaint departures from the customs of more civilized lands, such as the British Isles, I readily concede. Yet to the sojourner who appreciates the fact that this is a civilization in the making, its oddities are more amusing than offensive. My wife and I have been much entertained by unexpected "wisecracks" by wayside natives who were hugely enjoying their snacks of "hot dogs" at "filling stations", while their two-seaters were being replenished with petrol — and I might add that petrol is much cheaper here than in our own beloved land. American motor-cars are quite efficient machines, in spite of the incurable habit of the people in keeping to the right lane of traffic instead of the left, as nature suggests.

I dismiss the Little Englander's ill-natured references to American "movies", stock-jobbing scandals, "sit-down strikes", and "pig control" (whatever that may mean). It is quite evident to me that this person has never seen the inside of hospitable wealthy homes in this country, where all deference is paid to the amenities which the better classes cheerfully admit are a heritage from the Mother Country.

What I do protest against is the gratuitous outburst of "An Englishman" at a time when true defenders of the Empire are straining every nerve to bring the powerful American Commonwealth alongside our own for the preservation of civilization. The English-Speaking Union, to which he refers so contemptuously, has been making splendid progress in America. We have found the better class of people very receptive to the idea of co-operation under the tutelage of our more experienced conductors of foreign policy. When the world is disturbed by wars and rumors of war, it is unfortunate that a spokesman of ill-will should make more difficult the task of ranging behind Britain the incomparable strength of America.

Against the tearing-down diatribe, I cite the noble efforts of such Americans as the Honorable Cordell Hull, Mr. Roosevelt's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, looking to the consummation of a trade agreement with the United Kingdom. By the mere device of an appeasement of trade (which my honored friend Sir John Simon promises shall in no wise injure British home interests), we have the prospect of an understanding with limitless possibilities of political co-operation in time of need. Is this a suitable time for ridiculing America's peculiarities?

Not one of our countrymen now in the United States is in sympathy with a public criticism of American ways, however startling they may be in comparison with our own. Quite to the contrary, I have found among my countrymen a fervent spirit of helpfulness in promoting good-will between the great English-speaking nations. The cordial responsiveness which we have experienced from the really influential Americans of New York, Southampton, Washington, San Simeon, Burlingame, and lastly here at Palm Beach, encourages me to believe that America's heart is in the right place; that loyalty to the ideals of a thousand years of British leadership in civilization still inspires the thought and purpose of right-thinking Americans.

A LOYAL ENGLISHMAN

*Palm Beach,
Florida.*

SIR: "To Hell With America!" is prime stuff. Possessed of a keen sense of humor, the intelligent Englishman may well "look upon his American cousins . . . with amusement". Whatever Americans may have been in earlier times, either actually or by grace of partisan historians, the overwhelming mass of *genus americanus* — as evolved during the past few decades — presents a picture of a type unique in the annals of the ages. With the greatest opportunity to achieve a high degree of civilization ever offered to any people anywhere,

we Americans have come a complete cropper. It is small wonder that we have become the laughing stock, not only of the observing world, but of the intelligent *remnant* of our own population who have won through to sanity against tremendous odds. It is to be doubted whether one per cent of our citizens — roughly, 1,300,000 — could be classed as civilized, for with that many sentient human beings within our borders, how could we have descended into our present blissful state of well-nigh complete moronism? Perhaps Mr. Nock is nearer the truth when he places the number of our people who can really think, or analyze a given situation, in a manner fitting to the term *Homo sapiens*, at 20,000 to 30,000. Moreover, it would be difficult to find even this small remnant. They are either inarticulate, in that we seldom are granted the benefit of their voice in public affairs, or they have hidden away in the face of the inevitable triumph of the mass-man and his mass-mind.

All this has naught to do with our vaulted achievements in material things. (After all, they were made possible by the small *remnant*.) Mentally, morally, and spiritually we are a poverty-stricken race. That is the answer — Americans think and act like children. So what odds "the greatest this" or "the greatest that"? And what price statistics on motor cars, telephones, radios, libraries, schools or whatnot? As a people, we have merely used all these things to accelerate our descent into utter imbecility.

How could it be any different? Many things have contributed to the decline of the Republic, but if there be any one outstanding factor, it will be found in our system of *universal mis-education*. This is the brilliant delusion which has prolonged adolescence, and bewildered a mass of ineducable material, until we have developed a race of people who never attain maturity — never "grow up". So long as the *remnant* is stifled, we shall remain a nation of adolescents, and hence, near-morons. An

Englishman may say devoutly: "Thank God, I'm not an American."

ENOCH MORSE

Minneapolis,
Minnesota.

SIR: Does the "Englishman" mean To Hell With America before his country pays her debt of honor to the United States, or does the "gentleman" mean To Hell With America after his country pays her debt of honor?

LILLIAN BRANDON MADURO

New Rochelle,
New York.

SIR: Answering the Gentleman with a Yellow Liver who signs himself "An Englishman", I will not resort to a nom-de-plume, and, as an American formerly connected with the Army Intelligence in France and Germany, whose services have been adequately honored by his government with those gew-gaws called medals, I will not say To Hell With Great Britain.

We were close to the British in the War, and we learned to like them. I say, speaking personally as an American, that I like the British. Yes, in spite of the fact that she charged us passenger rates for every soldier carried abroad to save the perfidious hide of men who write for American papers, and insult us. Perfidy has always been associated with some Britons.

He would not exchange King George, Anthony Eden, and Neville Chamberlain for Franklin D. Roosevelt, James A. Farley, and Harry Hopkins. That makes it unanimous. As the other tailor on the other side of the street, neither would I. Perhaps he will recall Sir Anthony's perfidy with respect to Ethiopia? His fulminations, and then running like a mongrel dog under the couch of Britannia with his tail between his legs? Perhaps he will recall that, under his sacred codfish, Eden and Chamberlain, Germany is continuing to insult the world and break agreements, which Britain is too cowardly to resent openly enough to invite trouble for herself. True, she hisses when

Hitler is going up a new alley, but she is sure the one who hisses won't be detected for the crowd.

Nor would we exchange our American women for the Ladies who were found all over England during the World War. An American woman is equal to four English Ladies. Mind, we say English. Perhaps it is the scarcity of men, and those who write silly articles to the paper are not counted in this — that makes the average Englishwoman of London so ravenously fond of barging in on men, even strangers, for money. And what is there in English character that permits it to become beholden to one for a debt of honor, and then permits it to disregard that debt and insult the lender? To be sure that is an international manner — but why so emphatically evidenced with the English?

In short, why does England dare to speak of honor, or rights, or what she owns when, if she regarded her just debts, she is in hock to America? If we did as we should, every boat of hers would be seized by an American sheriff, and held as a lien for debts. We should have kept an Army of Occupation in London until she met her obligations, and believe me, Englishman, if England ever loses the friendship of America, which is sincere, in spite of her cheap and more vociferous representatives who scribble, she will pass off the map as completely as though she had never been.

LARRY DEUTZMAN

*Smithtown Branch,
Long Island.*

SIR: No doubt you have received hundreds of letters protesting against "To Hell With America!" by An Englishman. Here is another.

First of all, I wonder if you have not been the victim of a hoax. Is the author really an Englishman? I know from experience that the views expressed in the article are shared by many Englishmen, but I have not yet seen one who was so consciously insolent in expressing them.

Whether it be a hoax or not, I think this article a dangerous bit of spleen for you to have circulated. We all know that there is a stratum in every country in which exists such unintelligent, irrational, and indiscriminate prejudice as this article shows; and I consider it unfortunate for you to have given the prominence of publication to this level of thought at a time when some spirit of international tolerance throughout the world is so desperately needed.

R. F. S. STARR

*Princeton,
New Jersey.*

SIR: The crack-pot who wrote "To Hell With America!" went the way of all cowards and refused to sign his name. He says he is neither rich nor poor nor baron nor bum — in other words a self-confessed nobody. He dares to suggest he libels our country and its people in the name of thousands and perhaps millions of his countrymen. Of course the fool stands alone; a mere nonentity giving vent to a perversion of jealousy, anger, and bias. To be critical of us is well enough and a privilege, but to spit on our flag is entirely too much. We may deserve some of the fellow's criticism, but there is no point he could gain by using fighting talk.

His preachment adds nothing to our education and for this reason we should not get ourselves unduly worked up over this small unknown voice from the vast darkness. I would not give it passing notice except you have dignified the insult by accepting it for publication. Since the damage has been done, you now owe it to your readers to let Mr. Henry L. Mencken give an answer. This unknown monstrosity needs a tongue-lashing, and HLM can do the job.

In many respects we need a going over, but no Englishman can point a *clean* finger of scorn at us. With all regard to that fine country and its citizens, some of the most wicked pages of history have been written

by the rulers or people of Briton. Some of the world's greatest political blunders have been pulled off in that country.

England and the United States influence world affairs more than any other group of nations. An alliance of some sort would seem advisable amongst the democracies to combat the great canker-worm, Communism. But in considering any such alliance it is well to remember that this nation, most of all in the world, can safely stay aloof of the European maelstrom of war, while England stands constantly in vital need of help.

Our so-called Englishman makes much light of American "Do-Gooding". Let the fool recall that every person who has ever tried to make the world a better place, by preaching and teaching peace, has been ridiculed. The greatest Do-Gooder of all was hanged from a cross; many thousands of His teachers of Do-Gooding likewise hanged. English tyranny ran some Do-Gooders over here a few hundred years ago and look at us now!

LEIGHMAN E. HAWKINS

*Roanoke,
Virginia.*

SIR: If the fellow who chooses the titles for your articles would write them, you would have a much better journal. There are several titles on the front page of your March issue which aroused my interest. The title "To Hell with America!" by an anonymous Englishman, particularly startled me. The observations of our country by foreigners have always greatly interested me. So I was a sucker and bought a copy. After reading it, I say to hell with THE AMERICAN MERCURY and the dyspeptic Englishman who doesn't like our country!

THE MERCURY has always been sophomoric. In the old days under Mencken its material was often provocative and sometimes stimulating, but sophomoric nevertheless: the class for which it held the greatest interest was the college boys. If it won a reputation for literary merit, I'm not

aware of it. I'm certain, however, that THE MERCURY under its present management is devoid of literary merit. Its style and material reflects the loutish puerility of the smart-aleck high-school sophomore, who, having recently discovered the facts about Santa Claus and Dr. Stork, is out to raise hell about frauds of like importance.

WILLIAM P. MURPHY

*Saint Cloud,
Minnesota.*

SIR: Many obvious replies to the Englishman's "To Hell With America!" occur to one at a first reading. He says: "I am not concerned with the merits of America, its people, its institutions, or its culture." He then proceeds to enumerate a long list of persons and institutions which he deprecates. He says he is satisfied with his king. I am tempted to ask: "Which one—the real one or the substitute?"

Perhaps some of his aversions are also ours, but I would suggest that never in its history has our nation presented so sorry a spectacle to the world as did England very recently. At that time my great respect for that nation fell with a thud. My chief reaction, however, is to his (and England's) purported aversion to "hands across the sea". I would remind him that during the years 1914-1917, England, when it suited her purposes and her self-interest, played that motif with full orchestra and augmented brass.

Further, it is both "brass" and poor taste to brag to one's creditor about one's splendid financial condition and his reverses, even granting their truth. Does he realize that he is eating his cake largely at our expense? He exemplifies the old saying that the surest way to lose a friend is to lend him money.

H. B. TEICHMANN

*Fargo,
North Dakota.*

SIR: It is not difficult to understand why the name of the misrepresentative "English" author did *not* appear over "To Hell

With America!" You are to be congratulated upon the perfect timing of the most inappropriate article that ever appeared in *THE MERCURY*. It came just at the time "Happy" Harold Ickes loosed a withering blast against America's "Sixty Families" in a broadcast to England; and England was capitulating to the demands of the Fascist dictators; selling out lock, stock, and barrel. Truly an instance of perfect team-work.

No man who knows so little about the spirit, temper, and psychology of the American people should ever trust himself to air his views on the subject of America, yet it will surprise none of *THE MERCURY*'s readers if you pay a fabulous sum to the lawless agitator and undesirable alien, Harry Bridges, who is wrecking the merchant marine faster than the country can build it up, to write an article on Americanism and why he has joined your Communist-Fascist chorus of "To Hell With America!"

P. G. INGRAM, JR.

*Chicago,
Illinois.*

SIR: A few weeks ago I was in the hospital, starved for something to read. I had brought to me a copy of *THE MERCURY*, and immediately I fell in love with the publication. This is the third consecutive issue that I have snatched from the newsstands as soon as it appeared. Why? Because you have a magazine that appeals to me, that is "the deadly foe of buncombe and sham, no matter whose toes may be stepped on".

Now I'm all for your being against buncombe and sham, yet I fail to see how you are against these things when you print such an article as "To Hell With America!" I don't pick a major quarrel with that individual; he has some unpalatable but nonetheless true material in his manuscript. He also has some shabby-edged inferences to our detriment, and some comparisons in which he has overlooked the case against his homeland in stating the case against ours.

But why do you have to go out of the country to get criticisms of the New Deal, for that must be your point in running the article? There is definite anti-New Deal material in that piece. Much of the rest of the story is biased and warped, little of it scholarly, all of it on a question so trivial that you couldn't possibly want to run it unless to add to your paean against the Administration. I think the New Deal is worse than do you. But I hate to see you print such a sloppy piece merely to add to your hymn of hate.

What about this widespread anti-British sentiment in this country? I am not at all certain that the American citizen has a feeling tangibly anti-British. I know that Big Bill Thompson and other such politicians use that as an issue when they are afraid to face real issues. But I don't know at all that the American citizen, in numbers sufficient to justify the charge, hates the British. Further, I am certain that there is no majority in this country that approves of such a get-together with England as the author presupposes.

Then we are accused of being the most ludicrous nation on earth. If you had investigated that charge from a scholarly viewpoint, you would have deleted it. Granted that, among other faults, we are a loud, noisy, back-slapping race overly-populated with Babbitts, I don't think we are more ludicrous than is Japan when her generals lodge a protest with invaded China that the Chinese are not taking seriously enough the war between the two countries. Nor did Mussolini give an appearance of judicial gravity when he said that he ordered the invasion of Ethiopia in order to bring to it civilization's blessings, listing as one thing to be remedied the Ethiopian practice of castrating prisoners. It was less than twenty-five years ago that the last Italian boy was castrated as a means of preserving a pleasing soprano voice for the Pope's choir.

Are you people daft that you don't throw out the generalities, the abstractions, the half-truth, and the outright lies in this Eng-

lishman's article? Is this your fight at buncombe and sham? Is this a scholarly magazine to print such things?

R. N. LARKIN

*Bethlehem,
Pennsylvania.*

SIR: I have just finished reading "To Hell With America!" This article was written by an Englishman. That is the way he signed his name. I wonder what was the matter with him? Why did he not sign his name? Was he frightened? Did his conscience hurt? Or did he just write an article and not believe what he was writing? I am inclined to believe the latter is true. I would like to meet this John Bull, that probably was sipping his tea while writing. Truly he reminds me of Jiggs and the absent-minded Englishman. What this John Bull did not know his brother knew. Neither of them knew anything.

Does not this Englishman realize that it has been the Eastern side of the Atlantic that has made the fawning overtures? That during the Great War, England was nearly frantic until America stepped into the breach on her side? The writer brings up the point: "Obviously a nation (the Greatest on Earth) which required twelve months to transport a combat force to France could hardly be expected to offer practical help in the fast moving wars of today." I wonder if this writer realizes that the United States had a standing army of only a trifle better than 200,000 men? Also, does he realize that we had not been preparing for war for thirty years as had the old setting hens in Europe? I wonder if he realizes that during the twelve-month period we made our equipment, we trained better than a million men and had them on French soil inside of twelve months? I wonder also if these European countries have forgotten that they would not be countries today if it had not been for the United States' help during this critical period.

I wonder if this Englishman has forgotten that it takes but a few American soldiers

to put to rout a vast European army? It was done in the Revolutionary War. Farmers, untrained and untried, put to rout the much dreaded, red-coated Britishers. The English nation had to hire Gerinans to fight before that war was ended because most of the Englishmen quit.

This writer speaks of American suspicion. Naturally, when we see a rat after our Eagle, we are going to be on guard to crush the rat at its first move. When we are hit in the back once, we are going to be on our guard against another attack.

England may keep her monocles and tea. We will take our President and freedom. To hell with England and long live Old Glory!

ROBERT D. LAREW

*Harvey,
Iowa.*

SIR: More times than I care to recall, Mr. Englishman, I have withheld my opinions and refrained from setting people aright. Having seen your recent appraisal of America, however, I can stand it no longer. Not only can I deny your direct misconceptions of America, but I cannot stand your misconceptions of America's conceptions of England. It is not very surprising that "perhaps millions" of your fellow-countrymen are "not concerned with the merits of America, its people, its institutions, or its culture". Why, after all, should they be? But it is revolutionary news when you protest that we folk over here have been smoldering in neurotic resentment from Colonial days up to the present moment, and that it is we who are scattering the "perfidious Albion" story to the four winds. Revolutionary not because there is the slightest degree of truth in all this, but because you, an Englishman who from all accounts ought to be above disdain for America's poor little fancies, are taking it to heart.

Your chief cause for complaint is the identical chief cause of our grievance against you. Isn't that Life? We both see our countries being sorely misrepresented by the

other. You imagine that America envys England's lack of gangsters and therefore hates all Englishmen, and that we are nursing grudges from (of all things) your Colonial treatment of us. We imagine that England resents our meteoric ascension as a world power, and our possession of forty-five per cent of the world's gold. We imagine that England nurses grudges to this day because we got away from her. We think you're smug. You think we are sanctimonious.

First of all, Mr. Englishman, please do not think that we Americans dislike you. On the contrary, national polls indicate that a great majority of Americans still feel more sentimental about England than about any other European country. We are ready enough to like you, though frankly at a loss to understand the workings of the English mind; we receive you hospitably when you visit our shores, inquiring hopefully what you think of us, and pilgrimage to your historical shrines in ever-increasing numbers. We are humble before your ancient Coronation ceremonies. We overwhelm your writers and politicians with lionizing, and go in droves to listen to their infernal lectures. Like myself, we read with respectful curiosity your ill-advised simplifications of the vastly complex American scene, your books that commend us to the Devil. This is all very gullible on our part; agreed. But have patience, Englishman. All is not lost. We're a young nation yet, barely come of age. Surely England was adolescent once.

Nor, I must insist, does the average American have the faintest idea that "all Englishmen are perfidious". We are naturally aware that it is Great Britain's business to look out for Great Britain, and in a rapidly changing world it would be idle to expect any nation with commitments all over the face of it to remain static. You acquired your empire through extraordinary resilience and genius for compromise, rather than by dependability in foreign policy. On the one occasion that you failed to effect a

compromise, you lost America. This was admittedly better for everyone concerned, but the lesson was never forgotten.

You say we are "bewildered". How true that is. How frightfully jolly that you know exactly where you are going, and that you can have such a childlike faith in Mr. Chamberlain — or was it Mr. Eden? But to us Americans, it seems that things are moving too fast to allow for certainty in any field of inquiry. The more we learn of conflicting theories in science and government, the more confused we become. Every country has an impregnable case for itself. That is what makes international disputes so baffling. Each having been grievously swindled at one time or another, all must be avenged at whatever cost. Americans are not the only ones in the world who think they've served as "milch cows for Europe", Mr. Englishman. You need hardly cross the Atlantic to find a people who are wary of entanglements.

One parting word about our Constitution, which you deride. During the 150 years of its existence, it has ensured us freedom from government interference. The system of government which it begot, with all its faults, has nevertheless protected a greater number of liberties and made available a greater access to food, clothing, and shelter to more people and over a longer period of time than any other system in any other country since Adam. We believe that neither the Pharaohs of Egypt, the Princes of Babylon, the feudal barons, nor the dictators of today ever served the common man one-half so well.

So you see, Mr. Englishman, that every country has its Case. Please remember that America wants to understand and like England; and please don't make it any more difficult for us to do so.

SUE HARRY PETTENGILL

*Washington,
D. C.*

SIR: Our British cousin in his article "To Hell With America!" sang a beautiful

"hymn of hate". And in high key, too. You could tell he was a tenor, clear across the Atlantic. Wonder if he ever shaved? We admire his frankness. We agree with much, too much of his outspoken criticism of our present mess.

But the most outstanding comment he makes is "at least, we know where we are going". Don't tell us, brother. Over here in "hell" we don't give a care. But hurry! Run as fast as your good old British legs will carry you — and tell Neville Chamberlain! He'd gosh almighty like to know. Hey, Anthony?

CHARLES KENDRICK

Lincoln,
Nebraska.



WHY NOT GET MARRIED?

SIR: *Why get married? That is the question raised by "A Wife" in the March MERCURY. The question might be answered by asking why not get married? It seems to me that the wife who made the first interrogation has either lost her sense of values or else never developed any good set of values. Apparently she married the wrong man or perhaps her husband made a mistake when he asked her hand in marriage.*

There is a great deal to be said for the modern husband, wife, and home, even though that home be only a small apartment. The modern wife could not take care of a large home and the size does not matter so long as there is love and companionship inside those four walls. Perhaps love is archaic, but surely anyone who has experienced real love would prefer to be old-fashioned rather than to be so sophisticated and blasé.

My marriage has merely broadened my life and has given some purpose to my struggle for existence. It is thrilling to know that I am working not particularly for the sake of having a career but because I am fortunate enough to be able to help my husband to the top. And he'll get there!

We have loads of fun in each other's companionship, for we have a vast amount of things in common. We never resort to night clubs, barrooms, and cafés for relief from boredom, because the great out-of-doors and sports to be enjoyed there offer us any amount of insurance against ennui. We not only both have full-time employment but are doing graduate work at one of the best universities in the country. Just try working full-time and keeping up a home, besides studying for a graduate degree, and you will find there are very few times, if any, when your companion will have to tuck a drunk into bed.

As for the single girl having birthday and Christmas gifts of furs, jewels, and perfume, she has to pay plenty for them. That may be a Puritanistic attitude, but nevertheless, some of the old-fashioned ideas are not so far wrong. When one is engaged in the work I am, welfare work, that person soon learns what ideals can mean and can do. My husband and I both have expensive desires, but we get enjoyment out of sacrificing in order to satisfy those desires. We find soup, crackers, and milk a wholesome and delicious dinner when we are saving for a new piece of furniture, for a cigarette box which would go nicely on our coffee table, or for books to add to our small but growing library.

As for the biological urge, it should be not merely a quick relief for the husband, but can be a most gratifying, beautiful, and, yes, a sacred thing for both to enjoy to the fullest extent. The ecstasy and warm glow of marital relations are the crowning touch to a happy and joyous life together.

Some day after my husband has become established, we shall realize a new joy through the fruition of our marital state, when I shall be proud to give our child my husband's name. Our child shall never have to hang its head in shame in the realization of the stigma attached to it because it is the product of an unmarried mother and an unknown father. Even an adopted child of a single woman has a "tough row

to hoe" because people have a marked propensity for cogitating on the true status of that child.

I want our children to know and to have the privilege of their father's companionship as well as mine. My companionship alone would make their world too narrow and one-sided.

LOUISE VAUGHN

*Boston,
Massachusetts.*

SIR: There may be a lot of discussions these days about solving the difficulties of modern young people who wish to get married, but since when can discussions solve all problems? After all, no matter how thin you slice it, people are still people, and just because some so-called modern women get a raw deal out of marriage, that is no sign that it's not the thing for other people. As far as disadvantages for both the man and woman, that goes for everything.

Statistics show that the modern woman is better equipped for marriage than ever — mentally, physically, and socially. What if the husband and wife both work? I, for one, would rather be a helpmate than a perfect house-dress type of homebody. Besides, nine out of ten working wives today have no intention of working all their married life. It's easy to say, "Wait until you have enough money", but try and do it.

And furthermore, not all the young married couples live in apartments. It's quite possible to rent a small bungalow for the same price, or a little more, than an apartment. And, anyway, what's the matter with an apartment? Most of them have sun decks, gardens, etc. And what average person eats home-grown vegetables? Even the farmers eat theirs out of cans.

As for washing your "undies" between shows and night clubs, that's a *little* exaggerated, isn't it? When you're married and working, you can afford to send your laundry out to be done, and the little personals only take a few minutes and can easily be done on Saturday. And as for "making the

beds, doing dishes, and cooking breakfast, before leaving in the morning", that's rather silly, when you can pick up breakfast in town for practically nothing, and breakfasts have a strange habit of not distinguishing between that "home-cooked taste" and the "restaurant taste". Most men are hearty enough to stand the strain of a little dish-washing and a little floor-sweeping at night after the "hard day's work", and most of them are darn glad to do it. As for always hanging around a bar and night club, there're still young people who don't drink at all and also who drink within moderation, and they, as well as others, find enjoyment in trips to the mountains, seashore, and sports like tennis, golf and horseback riding.

The "career woman" (if there is such a person) can have her perfume and pillows, and build that little statue of herself and hold her services on Sundays, and she'll find out that there's such a thing as "LOVE" in this world and also that children prefer a name (especially that of some doting Father).

A SECRETARY

New York City.

SIR: "Why Get Married?" exaggerates but is substantially right. The wife who wrote it, however, should make it clear that she refers to married life in the city. I know from experience that the situation is much better in the small town.

E. DE T.

*Carlinville,
Illinois.*

SIR: In the March issue "A Wife", as she placidly identifies herself, asks the readers "why get married?" and forthwith draws a picture of abused womanhood which explains why so few men care to enter the folds of matrimony. Why any mature, intelligent individual — male or female — should elect to spend a lifetime in her company, even she doesn't attempt to explain.

The trouble with the lady as disclosed by her writings is that she has too many of those illusions whose disappearance she bewails. In the first place, she seems to have a mistaken idea that she represents modern American womanhood, the present-day model for a wife. Someone should tell her gently that the idea of the super-human woman who did two or three jobs at one time and pursued a half-dozen fascinating hobbies in her spare time has been discarded along with the arguments over evolution, speakeasies, and a few other pre-Depression fancies.

During the latter part of the last century it came to be a requirement of a "good wife" that she suffer long and silently. It didn't matter much what she suffered from, just so long as she had a cross to bear. If she was poor she slaved uncomplainingly under mountains of household duties. Her middle-class sister pressed her lips firmly together and bore with fortitude the fact that her husband fell short of achieving perfection either financially or morally. The Colonel's Lady, who by circumstance was barred from the first trouble and couldn't bother her ladylike mind over the second, adopted a *précieuse* attitude and agonized in silence over mankind's sins of omission and commission. But they all three shared a bond in which the word for their guidance was "mum".

"A Wife" is a thirty-third-degree member of the "Grin and Bear It" sorority. Who's fault is it but hers that she is less well treated as a wife than she would be as a mistress? Since when have mistresses been some unusual type of creature with powers of persuasion and attraction denied the average woman? To admit that one can no longer trouble the dreams of a mate — official or illegal — is to confess to inadequacy, and certainly is no reflection on either marriage or the man. Any marriage in which sex becomes "upon rare occasions, a quick relief for the husband" is in need of remedial action, either by way of a psychiatrist's office or the divorce courts.

This woman has written her own story and claims that it is representative of modern marriage in general. Perhaps she should be shown a few statistics on how many couples live in city apartments and the overwhelmingly larger number who live in houses, ranging in size from the three-room bungalow to the twelve-room Victorian mansion. She should be told that many wives who prefer jelly-making, clothes-washing, and child-raising have found that it is entirely possible to get along on one salary. True, they do attend the local minstrel shows and dances, but they also belong to the local dramatic club and are able if they wish to entertain their friends (of whom they have many) in their own home. Their liquor consumption is lower than "A Wife" indicates, and the ingredients usually come from bottles purchased at sales and carried home. Their food, whether home-made or commercially prepared, is received with interest by a hungry male human, not an uncivilized animal such as her husband is pictured as being.

"A modern wife is no credit to womanhood, but she is less a credit to modern man and his civilization" says "A Wife". Yes, if she were a true example of modern wives, all the condemnation in the world would not be too much to give. Thank God for the peace of this generation and the good of the next that she is but a sample of one incompetent, discontented faction!

A. L. ADAMS

*Towaco,
New Jersey.*

SIR: "Why Get Married?" in the March issue sounds like the silly bleat of a selfish woman who is reaping just what she sowed. Her idea of the "more abundant life" takes into account none of the cultural joys that makes life worthwhile. She is a product of this cocktail generation. Look them over, lined up around the cocktail bars, and see if you can register any feeling of respect for them. Their horizons are limited to the gratifications of their appetites and desires,

and this one admits that the love 'ems and leave 'ems with bonuses has its good points with her.

She may be in error in one respect: what she has to offer might not find the market she expects and in the long fifties and sixties, what then? The "emancipated woman" (?) of today is a hardened, unlovely human and with her adoption of the manners of the bawdy world, she thinks she is smart. Is she?

The real road to human happiness lies through restraint and unselfishness, believe it or not.

A HUSBAND

*Newark,
New Jersey.*

SIR: So very true, "Why Get Married?" What does marriage offer today to the woman? Articles in newspapers and lectures and advertising are constantly telling women how to get a man—how to hold a man—how to attract the opposite sex. It seems rather ridiculous, when so many women have to earn their half of the family income.

A man of course does not have to be constantly reading up on how to hold his sex appeal—how to keep his figure—how to hold a wife, but it has reached a pass where he might do some thinking. Reno is crowded with women asking for divorces. It would seem from statistics that there are innumerable husbands who fail to hold their wives.

The idea that the perfect wife should earn half of the domestic expenses; keep attractive and lithe, dress fashionably, be a good manager, charm her husband, be on time to her work, and be cheerful and ready for a gay evening after the day's work, seems a large order to put to the "weaker sex". Just what does the husband contribute to such a marriage? The article in THE MERCURY "Why Get Married?" is timely and provocative.

MADELINE H. TILTON

New York City.

SPEAKING OF CATS

SIR: I have cachinnated over the catcalls on "Our Enemy, the Cat". I knew that article was good rat-bait.

Damn a dog and cuss a cat:

Husk your coat and shed your hat.

Do cows meditate and whence

Comes the saying: Sound horse-sense?

Have eagles grandeur, anyway,

Despite they thrive as birds of prey?

But when the prompter wants a stink,

He runs the one: Do Women Think?

Without taking sides, I'd like to tell two stories. One concerns Betty G. of Staten Island, a music teacher in need of pupils, who heard of two available if she threw a good spiel around their fond parent. She went to the wealthy door. There, upon the door-mat, sat a fine yellow tom. Betty hated cats so vehemently that her musical ear could not detest their vociferation more furiously than her fingers itched to grasp their tails. So she grasped this tom's tail and held him at arm's length, like an electrified cactus that could screech while prevented from scratching. When the door opened, Betty said simply: "Here's your cat!" And what the prospective patron of her art said was viciously vituperative.

The other story concerns a lady beast that loved the limelight. When callers came, they had to see her. She wouldn't pass as a hassock for the most august. The most august one called upon her mistress in the person of the pastor. He sat blithely ignoring Miss Puss and even when she purred in arches around his leg, he ignored her. This was too humiliating! Miss Puss decided that she would fix him, but she did more than that. She transfixed him with terror by letting out a hideous scream and dashing through the doorway into the hall, up on the far side of the door post, two feet flicking visible stitches as she climbed to the transom, through which she leaped back into the room and into the parson's inverted hat.

The pastor asked his hostess "Has the cat gone mad?"

"No," she reassured him, "she merely wants you to notice her."

My cat is my friend, a pleasant animal.
C. B. L.

*Torrington,
Connecticut.*



THOUGHTS ON TAXES

SIR: I have enjoyed immensely "Taxing Production to Death", by Albert Jay Nock in the March issue. Perchance the title should have been revised to "Taxing People to Death", which would, in my estimation, become even more interesting to readers.

We pay more for taxes than we do for food or for rent, twice as much as we do for clothing, and six times as much as is spent for light and power. The modern streamlined trend in tax legislation in recent years has been most insidious. Taxation has become the art of so picking the goose as to secure the greatest amount of feathers with the least amount of squawking. We have turned from direct taxes on private incomes, which we could all understand, to indirect taxes on private spending, which few can decipher.

Our taxes have been disguised, or they have been candy-coated, or they have been injected as a narcotic, in every business transaction, leaving most of us unconscious of the fact that we are being assessed. You have been in the habit of crawling out of bed in the morning from between cotton sheets taxed at over four cents a pound. You have gone into the bathroom and turned on the electric light, taxed at three per cent of your bill. You have brushed your teeth with a dentifrice taxed at five per cent. The floating soap you so admire had a five per cent tax on it (and that certainly has no floating reaction). When you sat down to breakfast hugging the current issue of *THE MERCURY*, you perhaps found a card on your plate printed in invisible ink which you could not read, but which said nevertheless, "cover charge payable to

government — twenty-five per cent of the cost of all goods on this table". Then you immediately start yapping your mouth, by saying you are a client, suffering from acute indigestion.

Your ham was taxed over \$2.00 per hundred-weight. The ice water came from a Frigidaire, which was taxed five per cent of what you paid for it. The toast you ate (shall I tell 'em?) carried fifty-three separate taxes. The silverware, linens, dishes, and other household appliances, each bore the sign — also invisible — of hundreds of tax collectors. When your nerves are on edge, you light a cigarette taxed nearly 100 per cent. You paid thirteen cents for the package, but you didn't notice the little blue stamp pasted on the top which, had your curiosity been great enough, would have disclosed that my rich Uncle Sam collected six cents in tax. The flivver you drive, when going to the newsstand for the latest copy of *THE MERCURY*, carries a three per cent sales tax. Your tires are taxed two and one-half cents per pound — the inner tubes, four cents a pound — and when you fill your tank with gas, you pay more in taxes on gasoline than its wholesale price.

Now hold your breath, for meantime your wife's cosmetics, perfumes, furs, and jewels — if she hasn't heard of Hoover's Depression and Roosevelt's Recession — are all taxed ten per cent. If you hunt or fish in New Deal territory, your guns and rod bear a ten per cent tax. If you decide to make a hole in one at golf before going home, or play tennis, each carries a ten per cent tax. When you get home at night and sit down to a friendly rubber of contract, you paid a ten-cent tax on the cards, you used. Yes, even if you decide to go to the theater, you pay one cent on each ten cents in excess of the admission price of forty cents.

Only recently, I read that a bald-headed professor suggested all bachelors and spinsters in the U. S. be taxed, during their salad days. Well, neither our snores,

thoughts, nor fresh air we all breathe so freely are taxed as yet. What's wrong with the Brain Trusters at Capitol Hill?

Today's tax situation is a broken record, so won't the editors of THE MERCURY take me back to my boots and saddle?

HERBERT J. MANCINI

*East Cleveland,
Ohio.*

SIR: In his article, "Taxing Production to Death", in your March issue, Albert Jay Nock indicates that production is distributed through wages to labor, interest to capital, and taxes to government. True, he does not say explicitly that these are the only channels through which production is distributed, but, by neglecting to mention any other, he implicitly says so. Now, I have read pretty nearly everything that Mr. Nock has written that deals with economics, and I know Mr. Nock knows better. I know that he knows, and none better than he, that an important part of production goes to rent of the land.

The next time Mr. Nock undertakes to read a lecture on the "fundamental laws of economics" to the "common or garden variety of plug-ugly captains of industry", let him get down to fundamentals himself.

KARL B. MICKEY

*Lakewood,
Ohio.*



WHAT IS AN FHA?

SIR: Though I have long ago concluded that you have sold out lock, stock, and barrel to the Fascist movement in the United States, I did believe and as a subscriber to your magazine had a right to believe that you would not permit yourself to be carried away by your political prejudices to the extent of publishing statements purporting to be facts, without taking the trouble to make a careful check-up. I have reference to your article entitled "Confessions of a New Dealer" by an Ex-Jobholder, in the February issue.

The very fact that the Ex-Jobholder did not have enough courage to permit the article to be published over his name should have put you on notice to check up on the statements which he has made. (Maybe it is a "she"; I cannot make out.) I shall deal only with that part of the Ex-Jobholder's article in which he undertakes to speak about the FHA; that is, the Federal Housing Administration.

To one who has been interested in the operations of the FHA and has enthusiastically supported its program, the statements concerning it are so ridiculous that were it not for the fact that they might be read by some who are not familiar with the operations of the Administration and thus create a wrong impression, I would not even take the trouble of answering.

I shall give you just a few facts and figures and let your readers draw from them their own conclusions whether the FHA is just another political subdivision created for the sole purpose of making jobs available to bench-warmers, or whether it is an organization set up and operated along sound business lines.

Under the auspices of the FHA — and mind you, they did not commence to function until the early part of 1935 — banks, insurance companies, mortgage-finance companies, and others made, up to and including the month of October, 1937, 246,400 mortgage loans in a total amount of \$998,369,033. If you add to this the large-scale housing projects which have been approved for insurance, the amount swells to 246,438 loans and a total amount of \$1,027,922,033. Most of these loans, I should say about 70 per cent, were made for construction of new properties, most of which are occupied today by people who have been offered an opportunity to buy their own home with a down payment of only 20 per cent and have had their repayments on account of principal and interest staggered over a period of twenty years, thus enabling most of them to own their own home at a cost of not more than the amount

which they were accustomed to pay as rent.

In addition to the total amount of \$1,000,000,000 of mortgage money made available under FHA auspices by private capital, private capital also furnished some \$500,000,000 for so-called modernization and equipment loans. With the enactment of the Housing Act which has just been signed by the President, a housing program is about to be launched which has been acclaimed by all factions of the country as one of the soundest steps taken to combat the present recession.

It is possible, of course, that in an agency which expands as fast as the FHA has in the last two years, that someone along the line (some employee) is shifted or perhaps shunted; but is that any reason why you should publish erroneous statements under the guise of political propaganda?

M. BERNHARD

*Jersey City,
New Jersey.*

THE AUTHOR REPLIES

SIR: It is interesting to note how opposite conclusions may be drawn from a single set of facts and figures. For example, Mr. Bernhard quotes figures to prove that the FHA is a "sound business organization". Congress, after inspecting the same figures, decided that the FHA was a failure, whereupon they junked it and drafted a new Housing Act. If Mr. Bernhard would take into account FHA expenditures and losses—running a five-ring circus in connection with mortgage insuring is a costly business—he would, I am certain, come to a conclusion more like that of Congress. The half-billion in modernization and equipment loans, for example, proved so costly that the FHA long since discontinued insuring this type of loan.

Mr. Bernhard states . . . "in an agency which expands as fast as the FHA . . ." I can only say that there is no visible evidence of such expansion. FHA offices have been entirely removed from several States—North Dakota, for example—for

the reason that they had no business. The office in which I worked had a staff of seventeen in 1936; it now has five, none of whom complain of overwork.

The Western banks mentioned in my article still do not make FHA loans. It may be that the new Housing Act will pull us out of the recession, but until it does, it appears as Utopian as most New Deal panaceas. It cannot be done without bank co-operation, and the banker's attitude toward the FHA mortgage loan structure is somewhat tinged with sarcasm. When informed that the new Act raised the ratio of loan to valuation from 80 to 90 per cent, an officer in one of the Western Associations stated: "Hell, boys, let's wait till they raise it to 110 per cent."

ROBERT DAVEE
THE "EX-JOBHOLDER".

*Plains,
Montana.*



ORCHID DEPARTMENT

SIR: A publication which presents the facts with the aim of bringing about a clearer understanding of current problems is worthy of praise. THE AMERICAN MERCURY does not do this. Instead of being an end in itself, it has become a means toward an end—in short, a medium of propaganda for those who are jealous of the "Ins", and who harbor all sorts of silly prejudices and don't seem to have a real understanding of the situation at all. Constructive criticism is fine, but when your contributors associate the New Deal with Communism, label a real statesman like Cordell Hull as a "bad showman", and put forth every fool argument except those which are pertinent to the situation under discussion, they may be classed as nothing else but "knockers".

You may discontinue my subscription and keep the change. I won't have such trash cluttering up my room.

HARRY DART

*Princeton,
New Jersey.*

SIR: I am one of your "constant readers"; I have read *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* every month for many years. I have found many things of very great value, and many just the opposite. I have bought many extra copies to send to friends (and to enemies).

I am a graduate of Yale University, and have written considerable myself, printed in everything from the "blood-and-thunder" to the *Atlantic Monthly*. I say this only to represent to you that I am not an upstart. I have read much and heard much in the thirty-nine years since I left New Haven! And I am impelled to ask you why you published, in the March number, such things as "Why Get Married?" and "Rail-road Boom-Town"? Cannot you find something better than that? Of course, you know your business better than I do; I feel certain that you know what your readers want; but now I want to tell you what one reader does *not* want. *THE MERCURY* means much to many readers who take it for their gospel; do you want to poison them by instilling such stuff into them as this? Does the profit you make repay you for the damage that stuff does? At this time, when so many minds are in the formative stage, you ought to take pains to give them the best there is; you ought to sow better seed; if you don't, you will have the same crop later on that you are ripping h—l out of now, the seeds of which were sown by like stuff years ago!

And, above all, why did you ever sponsor such things as those first two books *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and *Everything Is Thunder*? What good could possibly be accomplished by that terrible stuff? I would thank you to enlighten me. I am over 60; and still I cannot see, after all these years and mountains of print, their justifiable purpose.

I shall continue to read the magazine unless it gets too bad; but after all, there is damned little else to read except your friend the *New Republic*. Why don't you blow up that machine-gun nest?

The March article, "The High Cost of Dr. Roosevelt", ought to be read by every man and woman who votes. Why don't you reprint that and sell it for five cents or ten cents all over the land, to about 17,000,000 people? And why don't you print about twenty pages to analyze completely what you hint at—the real meaning of Fascism, Naziism, Leninism and Ickesism? How many of your readers really know exactly what those different isms mean?

CLARENCE ALEXANDER

Yonkers,
New York.

SIR: As now edited, *THE MERCURY* is a raw disappointment. To start with, the Anvil Chorus in each and every issue is too much for my money. If your prejudices are many, air them, but turn over the record and let's hear that side. Even the shallow Haldeman-Julius did that much.

I did not and will not vote for Roosevelt, and I have called him nearly everything but Mister. However, I wouldn't go to Germany for a moniker nor would I tolerate contributors appropriating *Dr.* from *THE MERCURY* editor's vocabulary. Any writer so damnably lazy that he cannot scribble without goose-stepping in the choice of genteel invective, ought to chase himself over to the Macfadden office where things are patterned and Hitlerized.

Aside from Nock's page, I find extremely little in the present-day *MERCURY* that I enjoy. It happens that even Luce's *Time* finds place in my reading as does the *Nation* and *Common Sense* and *Scribners*. I like tabasco in homeopathic doses—but often. I like to see a barrel stove applied roundly and soundly. Believe it or not, I still enjoy the Anvil Chorus now and then. Nevertheless, I like meat and not too much tripe. *THE MERCURY* carries very little of the former and an abundance of the latter.

F. B. MENDOZA

Hornbrook,
California.

SIR: I have been reading THE MERCURY whenever I could get it for many years. It used to make me mad so that I would toss it aside and read *Liberty*. But now I am proud of your magazine for it has grown up. It is assuming some gray hairs of wisdom — like your friend, Mr. Henry Mencken, and also Sinclair Lewis.

That review of Mr. Lewis' new book, *The Prodigal Parents*, in your March issue, was great stuff. I consider myself and most of my esteemed business associates as being something like Fred Cornplow. Without seeming to brag, I think I possess some of that elementary American wisdom of which your reviewer speaks so eloquently. And I can assure your reviewer that the next decade will see us real Americans triumphant. Most of my friends say we have a "madman down in Washington"; and that the ghastly wastefulness of the New Deal is a great calamity; and that the country is infested with "foreigners and Radicals" who ought to be shipped back where they came from. Perhaps these words are a bit strong, but I am inclined to agree partially.

I would like to say that I am glad THE MERCURY is taking such a sane attitude in spite of all the New Deal propaganda and in spite of all the Communist trash published in magazines like the *New Republic* and the *Nation*. Those magazines disgust all real Americans with their big words and muddled attempts at constructive thought. THE MERCURY is taking the right path; we must attack the Administration and extol the old American hard-headed intelligence of our fathers.

I will close with a thought on Mr. Lewis, whom I used to brand a Radical. I have been thinking about his well-known book called *Babbitt*; it strikes me now that perhaps Mr. Lewis was not being sarcastic about George Babbitt. Maybe he really liked Mr. Babbitt as well as he likes Mr. Cornplow, only he was more subtle in showing it.

RICHARD V. CHASE, JR.

Worcester,
Massachusetts.

SIR: I have been reading THE MERCURY for a number of years and am just about ready to buy my last copy. Either your editors are a bunch of old fogies or you are trying to serve a certain class. If your MERCURY is a class magazine, it is not worth reading. I would just as soon read *Printers' Ink*.

I am neither a Radical nor conservative, Republican or Democrat, but I don't want to have only one side of a question all the time.

To my mind, good reading serves all the people best by differences in opinion. If we want propaganda we can read the *Daily Worker* or any other one-sided affair.

God help THE MERCURY's circulation in the next year!

LOUIS GORDON

Chicago,
Illinois.



A FEMALE REPLIES

SIR: Concerning "Adam vs. Eve" in THE OPEN FORUM for March. What a beautiful, perfect example of male egotism! In the first and most important place, the female is not submissive, she is not fearful — read Kipling — she is not looking for an "authority that apparently offers protection and security", in fact, she is as strong a fighter as the male. "The female of the species is more deadly than the male." Perhaps it is a deep inner consciousness of the truth of that fact which causes certain males to insist, as a sort of propaganda, that the female is submissive. It is only some females who have gone temporarily astray as a result of the pressure of past centuries of economic and social subordination who are docile, timid, and looking for protection. Luckily, there is still enough of their latent birthright from Nature herself (she did not give her most important job to a weakling sex) so that it is fast coming to light again. Read accurate and scientific accounts of the eras in history when women were the

dominant sex, and their husbands were required by law to "obey" them. We do not want anything of that sort now, but on the other hand, we women, too, are unwilling to bow down to any authority except laws that govern the country as a whole, which we have a share in formulating.

As to the statements about the respective sex of the advocates of the New Deal, which the author of "Adam *vs.* Eve" made so definitely, no human being may claim to know as actual fact the number of men or women who supported the present Administration, and one guess is as good as another. This writer, though a woman, is opposed to it for its authoritarian attitude, endangering the ideals of democracy.

It seems as if your OPEN FORUM must be a repository of disgruntled males, who like to work off some of their private peevishness against the female sex by writing to you. Can't they see how really funny they are when they do it? No well-balanced man or woman would consider it a matter of good taste, to say the least, to write in all seriousness such praise of his or her own sex, to the disparagement of the other. Can't they possibly see themselves as they appear to others? This is in reference, too, to the letter "The Presidential Wife" in the March issue. In this connection, a certain lecturer, in reviewing some of the recent books, urged all men very strongly to read the recently published autobiography of our present "Presidential Wife". He claimed that it might prove enlightening to those men who have been inclined to disapprove, as the book shows the picture of an unconsciously great and lovely person. And contrary to the views of the writer of the "Presidential Wife", she has generally kept herself completely free of the political scene, much as she has been active in social conditions at large.

An Open Forum is one of the best parts of a magazine — we all like to talk.

MARION J. SHELDON

*Verona,
New Jersey.*

WHAT PRICE GOVERNMENT?

SIR: How much should we be willing to pay for being regimented and fitted into a particular pattern of politics? There seems to be no direct answer to that question. Unlike listed stocks, the kings, dictators, and presidents have no quotable market value. Which ever kind of ruler a people choose to manage their affairs, the cost may be out of proportion to the services rendered. Yet some interest is manifested at times in the problem of governmental economy and in the comparative cost of different forms of government.

I have often heard the assertion that the British must be a meek lot of sheep to tolerate the expense of a royal establishment. King George VI receives an annual allowance of \$10,000,000 for the expenses of the royal, ecclesiastical, medical, and queen's households. Thus far during the reign of Franklin I, a ruler whom we euphemistically designate as "president", he has spent \$10,000,000 a day more than our income, running up a deficit of over eighteen billion in six years. In Roosevelt's budget message for 1936 occurred the sentence, "I recommend that \$4,000,000,000 be appropriated by the Congress in one sum subject to allocation by the executive", just four hundred times as much as is asked by the head of the British Empire.

What have we to show for this expenditure of 36 billion in six years at the rate of two dollars of outgo to one of income? First, we are loaded with incomparably the biggest public debt in the history of the country. Secondly, the number of unemployed has risen to a new all-time high, and this legion is growing with the President's demands for new laws to squeeze more money from the taxpayers. Thirdly, the nation is torn by class, regional, and race hatreds as never before in its history, and this is directly due to the religion of hatred consistently preached by the Federal Administration. Fourthly, by means of strikes abetted by the President's Cabinet, and re-

peated threats by the President himself, every enterprising citizen has been forced to live in the constant fear of the sabotage of his plant by irresponsible labor agents.

Finally, an examination of business conditions in the twenty-five leading nations shows us to be the winner of the booby prize at the tail end of the list. After six years of wild spending we are right where we were at the start, except that our load of debt has been doubled. Australia had reeled through a long orgy of experiments and "planning" by labor governments. In 1929, when I visited there, Australia was about at the end of her rope, financially speaking. But she turned to the Right the next year, has already substantially curtailed her debt, and for four years in succession has shown a comfortable surplus in her budget.

Every one of the other twenty-four leading countries was harder hit by the Depression following 1929 than were we. Not one of these but was inferior to us in natural resources and industrial organization. We were still a country of great farm exports. But all the other twenty-four nations have recovered from the shock while we are still floundering in doubt and confusion, still spending twice our income and still sinking into the slough of blind uncertainty. Worst of all, people are daily exhorted by Cabinet officers and the hundreds of paid apologists of the New Dealirium that individual effort is outmoded, that the citizens should look to the "government" for help and sustenance. Already millions of our people have cheerfully enrolled as parasites upon the thrifty and their numbers are officially reported to be swelling at the rate of 500,000 a month.

Why are we still at the bottom of the pit while other nations have so promptly recovered? The answer is obvious. In other nations the people have been encouraged to produce to the limit of their capacity. In the U. S., the New Deal philosophy is that we have produced enough and that hence-

forth we must live on the savings of the thrifty as long as they last.

E. V. WILCOX

*Chevy Chase,
Maryland.*



OPEN FORUM PERSONALS

SIR: Pardon my intrusion. It's irrepressible, and not my fault. I'm amused at the ideas expressed in *THE OPEN FORUM*. Some boost, some knock, and some are lukewarm. Some say they don't read *THE MERCURY*; but they seem to know all about it. As I see it, your magazine is doing just what you want it to do—make its readers think. This is a lesson that all of us should learn by heart. It makes no difference whether your articles are good, bad, or what not, because the school that teaches its students to think is not only a success, but a godsend.

The principal knocks are against Mr. Nock, with Mr. Mencken a close second. The former has even made John Bull paw the earth; while the latter, they say, at one time had a pure, clear-thinking mind. But time, environment, and association, spurred on by their infernal influences, have remade him for the worse. Even one of our D.D.'s by reason thereof has become "sick with sadness".

It's an old saying: throw a rock amongst a litter of pups and the one that gets hit will yelp. Your articles certainly smoke the boys out, including the Russian Reds. One of them in his letter remarked that Russia "is at least trying to better the living conditions of the people as a whole". We wonder. Stalin's firing squad may not be so bad after all. They seem to believe that your writers are bad boys, placing chips on their shoulders and daring their readers to knock them off.

The defense pleaded by the Englishman, G. Smith, in connection with the World War and the motive which induced the U. S. to participate therein, may in part have some merit, *i.e.*, Wall Street *et ux*,

by urging such participation, may have had in mind the filthy lucre only. Whether this be true or false, I don't know; but I do know that the American people as a body were told and believed that they were fighting for a good cause—the cause of democracy. Having been an infantry officer in the World War, one notch above the Second Louie, I can vouch for what I was taught, and what I was instructed to teach our soldiers. And, truthfully, there was no “cut of suitable dimensions” in our program, nor was there any such forthcoming after the war. About all we Americans got out of the game was human suffering, broken hearts, cripples, loss of men and property, and a huge indebtedness, not taking into consideration the \$9,811,000,000, exclusive of interest, which England *et al* borrowed from us, and refuses to repay. There is one thing certain, however: if these borrowers have their way, the U. S. will always have money coming. Is it any wonder the American people are against foreign wars and foreign entanglements. Oh, Gratitude, thou art a jewel of uncut dimensions!

E. H. Yost

*New Martinsville,
West Virginia.*

SIR: My heart goes out to your correspondent, L. Lee of Pasadena, who is suffering to the point of nausea over the Presidential Family being crammed down his or her throat from morn till eve. Newspapers in other countries don't do this? Just take England. I suggest that friend Lee flee to that free land where the Ruling Family live in such modest seclusion that barely a mention of their intimate family life ever is allowed to creep into print. There you will not have a Presidential Family crammed down your throat—ah, no! Just two charming little Princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, that's all. Elizabeth playing with her doggie friends, Margaret Rose stroking the kitty, Lillybet taking her morning canter through the park, Margie

Wose and her governess and an umbrella taking a stroll, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose having a tea-party just like two little girls, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose bringing a ray of sunshine to the Tommies in the Veterans' Hospital, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose mingling with the enraptured guests at a garden party, Lillybet receiving a letter from “Uncle Davy”, Margaret Rose graciously greeting the gardener by saying, “Good morning, Mr. Snookes”, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose going on a shopping tour, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose entering the Royal Motor Car, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose going to the pantomime, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose going to the Cinema, Elizabeth's new winter coat, Margaret Rose's new shoes, Their Royal Highnesses, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, waving to the admiring crowds—that's all. Oh, of course, just a few advertisements every day showing their little Royal Highnesses eating Scroggins' Biscuits and drinking Bovril like all other little English girls.

That's all your stomach will have to put up with in Great Britain, L. Lee. I urge you to go over and try it for a while, and if you don't come back to California screaming, “In the name of pity, give me Eleanor and Franklin!” I'll miss my guess.

MRS. E. F. MORNEWECK

*Detroit,
Michigan.*

SIR: I note in THE OPEN FORUM for March, Mr. R. C. O'Brien's statement, to wit: “The only radio I like is a portable one.”

As for the undersigned, the only radio he likes is the one that lies at the bottom of the deep, blue sea.

S. T. HUGHES

*Washington,
D. C.*



IN DEFENSE OF AGGRESSORS

SIR: With all due respect to Major Kernan, who is excellent on purely military

matters, I fear that he is just another good conservative misled by history written by semi-Liberal, Anglophile, Protestant historians. In "In Defense of War", for example, Philip II is the aggressor and Drake the defender of peace — yet Philip was merely defending his inherited empire, or the status quo, from the attacks of a man who was purely and simply a pirate. Again, Ferdinand II is the aggressor and Gustavus Adolphus the defender of peace — yet Ferdinand was also only defending what was his and Gustavus and his men were mercenaries in the pay of France who had crossed the Baltic to intervene in a quarrel in no way theirs, solely in the hope of land and loot. Incidentally, it was Gustavus that turned Sweden into the mercenaries' training ground that it became, for throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Swedish kings maintained a splendid army that was at the hire of anyone who had the necessary cash. Major Kernan's whole article is filled with these historical naïvetés, and I will only comment on one more point: How in the name of heaven was he ever able to rationalize the Duke of Marlborough into a peace-lover?

I offer no defense of the internal or economic policies of Hitler and Mussolini. But why are the Germans aggressors for attempting to regain what nine-tenths of the world ganged up and took away from them? Or the Italians, for attempting to get what the pious Allies cheated them out of at the Peace Conference? Is it divinely ordained that the French shall have the Soudan, or the British South Africa? In spite of Major Kernan's sarcastic remarks about the League, it is quite evident that he believes the status quo set up at Versailles is the status quo supported by God, and that therefore anyone who works to destroy it is an aggressor and an evil-doer.

Finally, it seems to me that even from Major Kernan's own point of view, his article is unfortunate, for a radical pacifist could too easily poke holes in it. I heartily agree with him that war can be defended,

but again with all due respect, I believe that the defense can be better presented. To show that I can offer constructive as well as destructive criticism, and in full knowledge that I am sticking my neck out, I hereby offer to submit such a defense whenever requested.

H. S. FORD,
2nd Lt., F. A. Res.

*Erie,
Pennsylvania.*



STRATEGY ON THE LEFT

SIR: Evidence is not lacking either in Europe or in the United States of an audacious strategy now being pursued by the leaders of those politico-industrial forces included within that bloc referred to as the Left. These leaders, whether called Communists, Socialists, New Dealers, or what not, whether operating in Europe or in the United States, certainly are in agreement as to a common major strategy as they are to the end sought. I refer to the attempt by the leaders of the International Left to capture Democracy by strategy rather than by direct attack. That this attempt is audacious cannot be doubted when one realizes that Democracy as the world has known it, the Constitutional Democracy of Britain and the United States, is the greatest obstacle to the establishment of Marxian Socialism, which of course is the sole object and dream of every Leftist. Fascism is a new enemy of the Left, a sort of perverted Communism — a new form of directed collectivism within a totalitarian State. For the moment, these two ideologies are at each other's throats, but actually, the Left knows that unless Constitutional Democracy can be destroyed and European Socialism set up in its place, their world-battle is lost.

With this new situation facing them, their International leaders have said: "We need help. Instead of a battle between Democracy and ourselves, as we thought, this has now come to be a three-cornered fight. We need the forces of Democracy to help us

defeat Fascism while we save ourselves to overthrow Democracy." But as they have for so long openly assailed Democracy, they are not in a position to secure aid if sought directly, so they have hit upon the clever thought of adapting to their purpose the military strategy of "infiltration" or "boring from within", or more truly of the "Trojan horse". Just as some months ago the Moscow-directed Communist Party composed its differences with the Socialist Party in European countries and organized a Front Populaire against the Center and Right, so today, these two Marxian groups (they differ in method only) and their sympathizers of other names, are attempting a new strategy to the same end, *viz.*, of combating the Fascist menace to their power while at the same time they put themselves in a position to destroy later their ultimate and real enemy: Democracy.

The method is not only audacious but simple, so simple that were it not for the demonstrated unintelligence of many Democrats, it could not succeed. The Left's High Command now pose as Democrats. In addressing Democrats, they say: "We Democrats". Their paid demonstrators chant, their orators cry: "Keep Democracy safe from Fascism." They who have for years denounced Democracy—the Democracy of Britain, France, the United States and other free countries—now have become its vociferous defenders.

But can these Socialists and Communists succeed in capturing Democracy in this barefaced manner? There is not a chance if it were not for one thing, and it is this one thing upon which they count. For years in Great Britain, France, the United States, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, and elsewhere, certain political leaders have been attacking the Democracy of their own countries. In Great Britain, this attack came from the Labor Party and their leaders. In France, from a "Popular Front" of Communists, Socialists, and Leftist Radicals; in the United States, from Roosevelt and his New Dealers. In

every instance, these movements have had the active support of the Socialist and Communist Party leaders at the polls. Success in the United States has been considerable, particularly among the comparative newcomers to the United States and their sons of the first generation, who are still under European influence. In those Democracies where these forces have been effective, the movement has attacked Constitutional safeguards and has openly worked for a directed State socialism.

So here lies the hope of the Marxian Leftist leaders in the United States. They count on the support of the New Dealers, of the Farm Laborites, of the sons of immigrants of the first generation (who, because they have never become fully Americanized, have fallen easy converts to the European cry for the rule of the "Proletariat"), to whittle away the old American and British Democracy, constitutionally safeguarded, and in its place erect the so-called pure 100 per cent Democracy which to them is Marxian Socialism. This is the meaning of Leon Blum's declaration of January 16, 1938, touching his attempt to form a new French Government. He said: "I wish to organize a government grouped around the Front Populaire, not only its present members but others known for their attachment to democratic liberty." This is the significance of the new type of daily activity of certain New Deal American ambassadors and ministers to Europe. Apart from the usual duties of their office, these have spent a large part of their time in private conference with Socialist leaders within and without the Government. This explains much in any plan or combination which includes Soviet Russia. The international solidarity of these Leftist leaders is unquestionable. Leon Blum said a few months ago: "Our program is well understood in London and in Washington."

No one has successfully accused the American people of a lack of native intelligence. As peoples go, they have more than a little "Yankee shrewdness". But at a dis-

tance from Europe, where most politico-social theories have their origin, the American people, through lack of experience, have sometimes not at once seen and understood the moves on the checker board. Only a few Americans have from the outset realized the meaning of recent changes in Leftist strategy, but the number is growing rapidly, and now that Leftist strength in Russia, France, and other European countries is visibly breaking down through inherent internal weaknesses, its menace to the world, including our own Constitutional Democracy, is becoming less and less. These Leftists, however, will continue for some time to be a troublesome and disturbing influence in American life. They are not Americans who understand and respect our constitutional liberties and those influences which have made the United States. Hence they do not value them.

ANONYMOUS

Paris,
France.



FDR DEPARTMENT

SIR: In reply to Blair Bolles' article in the March issue, we should like to submit this to THE OPEN FORUM.

A favorite complaint of Mr. Reactionary and his entourage of defenders of the People, is that all the country's New Dealers are *ipso facto* princes of greed, economic fools, liberty despoilers, tax-gougers, dupers of the trusting proletariat. The average American is told daily that the Roosevelts, Farleys, Morgenthau, Hopkins, and other villains who live on Federal salaries, are knaves pocketing incomes huger than decency permits, while the Great White Elephant who smiles wisely in the White House is the greatest of the lot. The inference naturally drawn by the citizens is that it is up to the Sloans to raise their incomes to the Presidential figure, if they wish to be known as the top salaried men of the nation. One item omitted from this hate-propaganda, however, is that Mr. Reaction-

ary is basing his attack against an economic ideal on a picayunity.

The privilege and duty of everyone who has access to print is to criticize the government. But it is not anyone's privilege to attack a policy on the grounds that the policy-administrator's expenditure of funds earmarked for personal use, is extravagant and lavish. When this is done, one has reasons for protest. But when Mr. Reactionary objects to the acceptance of gifts by the President, then protest becomes maternal and we must tell Blair not to throw spitballs or mama will send him to bed without his supper.

GEORGE E. KEENER, JR.

J. J. O'BOYLE

Notre Dame University,
South Bend, Indiana.

SIR: Two questions plague me which I wish you would put to your readers:

1. Is it true that Dr. Roosevelt's personal form of government tends more towards the Italian Fascism rather than the Hitler brand, and how many Jews in high administrative places would lose out if the Hitler brand were finally adopted?

2. Which is the lower in the human scale—the army general who betrays his country during war due to the alleged injustice of not being promoted, or a national senator who puts his honor in hock to a professional politician and who betrays his country knowingly, during an economic war bordering on mass starvation, in order to get a promotion—a sort of Benedict Arnold *vs.* Joe Robinson comparison. Benny would have been shot—Joe died.

May I express my appreciation for the new method of binding your magazine? It is far easier for us invalids to handle in bed.

WARREN T. HANLEY

Santa Barbara,
California.

SIR: Here is a poem dedicated to our great President:

1.

Franklin, if this new Recession
Become a major retrogression,
If you saw your reputation
Through all history was lost

Why not, Franklin, lead the nation
To some foreign complication
To confuse the situation,
Disregarding what it cost?

2.

Franklin, when the time approaches,
And your loyal party broaches
You upon the ticklish question
Of its Nineteen-Forty slate,

Isn't this a good suggestion.
Strike a blow against Aggression
That would start one great procession
Back of you as candidate?

3.

By the way, what does explain
Your increased preoccupation
With our Old-World friends again?
Why this sudden new refrain:
"We must shoulder obligations!"
And the crescendo of to-do
Over Singapore, and Timbuktu?
Did ever, Franklin, any nation
Say with more determination
That it wanted isolation
Than our country did to you?

ALBERT RAPP

*Lincoln,
Nebraska.*

SIR: Your articles about the New Deal and the present fantastic muddle in this country are a great comfort to me because they say so many of the things I want to roar from the housetops. I don't quite understand, however, why you dignify our Principal Mountebank with the title of "Dr." which is an honorable title.

A recent article gives reasons why the said P.M. will not have a third term in the White House. I hope the author knows of what he writes and is not simply whistling in the dark to keep up his courage. For myself, I wonder if we shall have any more

elections. A *coup d'État* in the United States sounds impossible, but so do a great many other things that have happened. One might endure with equanimity seeing Congress dissolved by decree, but government by Himself and His choice collection of bureaucrats might be even more unpleasant than what we have now.

Who would have believed that this could happen to us in so short a time and apparently with such ease! There are wicked nations on earth than ours, but certainly none so supremely silly. I think our predicament comes from our complete lack of honesty. Honesty is considered among us to show lack of imagination and initiative.

If the world is considered as a madhouse in which the various countries are patients, it would not be difficult to sort them out as to type. Italy and Germany are plainly catalonics, France suffers from hysteria, Spain has a bad case of split personality, Russia has "systemized delusions", and the U. S. suffers from hebephrenia — for which there is no cure but death.

I am a "man without a country", for my country has dissolved into mist and blown away. Certainly I am not a citizen of New-Dealia and shall never become a loyal subject of the Great Panjandrum who sits in Washington and smiles and smiles. To hear the national anthem or to see the Stars and Stripes gives me a sick feeling. Even the removal of the Dictator and all his hordes of grafters would not help, for I know now that the majority of my fellow-citizens are not well-meaning or self-respecting or hard-working or even moderately intelligent. Probably they never were. My forefathers fought and bled to establish this nation — would I fight, or so much as prick my finger to help preserve the present set-up? Certainly I would not.

MARY M. ATWATER

*Basin,
Montana.*

SIR: Few phenomena in history have called forth such varied, contradictory,

drab, and picturesque comments as that curious affair known as the New Deal. The points of view have been as varied as the men who wrote them: there has been the approach friendly, the approach hostile, the approach tolerant, apoplectic, apocalyptic; the approach curt, angry, superior, furtive, gingerly. It has been praised, damned, buried, resurrected, anathematized, sprinkled with holy water. It has been called Communism, Fascism — and other things which no decent and right thinking citizen of the Republic would think of repeating. And what has been said of the New Deal has been said of the doctor who dealt the cards: Dr. Roosevelt, too, has been both hissed and huzzahed.

But I venture humbly to suggest that the truth about the New Deal has not only been knocked down and stamped on, but that it has never had a chance. From the beginning, both friends and foes of Dr. Roosevelt have viewed the issue askint. They have set up a straw man which they have called Dr. Roosevelt; and they have either deified or damned this figment of their fancies. I suggest an entirely new approach to the problem — an approach which I should characterize as disinterested, philosophic, sportive — even esthetic. My considered opinion of this whole business is this: *the New Deal is a joke*.

Now I do not wish to be misunderstood. When I say that the New Deal is a joke, I do not mean that it is a joke in the sense that Napoleon III was a joke, or Tom Heflin, or General Grant as President, or to bring things up to date, Secretary Ickes. I mean simply and literally that the New Deal is a joke — Dr. Roosevelt's own private, carefully cultivated, overwhelming joke. We have been blind to the fact that the "head of the nation" is one of the great humorists of history.

The crux of the whole business lies in an understanding of humor. Now much has been written on the subject of what makes us laugh, and much of it is not funny, but nearly all authorities agree that in some

way or other it is *incongruity* that lies at the bottom of the matter. The late Mr. Coolidge looking very forlorn under an enormous ten-gallon hat, Mr. Tugwell wistfully writing poetry, or the thought of the *New Republic* staff getting together for a jolly evening over Mr. Eugene Lyons' *Assignment in Utopia* — it is this sort of picture or thought that stirs the risibilities.

It was only after I had begun to detect a pattern in New Deal policies — the deliberate flouting of all that is generally meant by common sense; Dr. Roosevelt's curious habit of leaping on his political hobbyhorse and (like the now-famous horseman) galloping off in all directions at once; the constant penalizing of honest and industrious citizens and the laudation of the incompetent, the lazy, and even the irreclaimably knavish — it was only after I had seen this emerging pattern that the truth came to me. And then in a flash I saw: the whole thing was a colossal joke — the biggest joke in history.

I could, of course, list innumerable illustrations of what I mean by that principle of incongruity which is the only consistent thing in New Deal policies. I could point out, for example, the humor of establishing a policy of neutrality and then deliberately flouting and nullifying it, as Dr. Roosevelt did in his famous "quarantine speech"; or the exquisite jest involved in the President's insisting upon increasing the productive wealth of the nation and then in nearly every act of his Administration doing all in his power to *cut down* the production of wealth; or funniest of all — Dr. Roosevelt's avowed hostility to inflation at the same time that the Federal budget is monstrously unbalanced — as if he did not know (the wag!) that a seriously-unbalanced budget and inflation are one and the same thing in their effects. But the list is endless, and I hesitate to go on. In the first place, as everyone knows, to explain a joke is to spoil it, and secondly, I would not have anyone think that I am attacking the New Deal. My analysis is purely esthetic.

Now I am aware that many of our citizens will find it difficult to see the point of this joke. But one thing is certain: a moral or practical judgment of a phenomenon like the New Deal is supremely irrelevant. The New Deal calls for what Signor Croce has called "esthetic contemplation", not for petty moralizing or the venting of Philistine prejudices. You must simply forget such bourgeois considerations as that integrity, intelligence, responsibility, initiative, thrift, industry, are being constantly hamstrung and haltered so that laziness, ineptitude, incompetence and downright roguery may enter into and enjoy the Abundant Life. If you want to appreciate the depth, subtlety, range, and cosmic implications of the Roosevelt jest, you must leave morals and common sense out of it; you must get into the spirit of the thing; you must let yourself go.

H. A. J.

*Amherst,
Massachusetts.*

LETTERS WANTED

SIR: In the Library of Congress, at Washington, D. C., is a collection of Sherman papers; but it is sadly lacking in letters written by the late John Sherman. Since he had thousands of correspondents scattered over the United States, many of his letters probably have been preserved in private hands. It is desired to borrow such letters, so that copies may be added to the collection permanently housed in the Library. Loans of letters are particularly desired at this time, because a biography of Senator Sherman is under preparation at the Library. John Sherman was an important figure, and anyone who helps to preserve his letters contributes definitely to our national history.

It is hoped that through your columns all those who have letters signed by Sherman may be moved to send copies of them, accurately transcribed, to the Library of Congress for my "attention". If originals are sent, they will be copied and returned

immediately, or added to the preserved collection, according to the wish of the sender. The project has the co-operation of many members of the Sherman family.

JEANNETTE P. NICHOLS

*Washington,
D. C.*

ADVT.

SIR: I am seeking the ideal in climate and environment. There I would retire with a few friends who are interested in living a beautiful life. I should like to hear from a few people who are not conscious of rank and fortune. Who know that happiness and contentment can be found in wholesome living. Who prefer chastity to sensuality, the affairs of the mind to those of the body. Who can be alone. Who measure a man by what he would do for others; and not by talent or genius or education, personal prowess or any such claptrap. Who value will and strength and moral courage. Who can face public opinion. Who are not concerned about the praise of men. Who do not judge anyone by forces over which they have no control. Who can *appreciate the life* and philosophy of Henry Thoreau.

I am 36 years old; I like the best of the best of singing — opera — common folksongs — cowboy songs, music. I like to read, write, walk, think, and meditate. I am writing a real story, although I hesitate to mention that, considering as I do, writers, actors, musicians, and artists as so many public clowns. In general appearance, I resemble F. D. Roosevelt when he was my age (36) and before his misfortune.

MAX MARVIN

*958 Eighteenth Street,
Oakland,
California.*

IN BRIEF

"THE MERCURY is one of the most biased organs of propaganda which I have ever

become acquainted with," FRANK SKERBECK of Iron River, Wisconsin, announces in his first letter to us, but goes on to say that there is occasionally something in the magazine that he likes very much. We are glad to know that we are not one-hundred-per-cent unworthy. . . . OLIVE B. DEMPSTER of Chicago, decries our references to human culls and the other misfits who are currently being supported by the hard-working American taxpayer and glorified by FDR. She does agree with us, however, about the necessity of sterilization and birth-control. . . . The author of *The Truth About The Sharecropper*, B. L. Moss, is called "an exploiter who is being exploited" by JOSEPH MANLET of Cleveland Heights, Ohio. MR. MANLET says Mr. Moss ought to make more money out of his sharecroppers. Well, maybe Mr. Moss thinks so too. . . . It is impossible in American colleges to receive education for government work, declares HAROLD E. JONES of Owosso, Michigan, who thinks that the Civil Service system is too narrowly contracted. Dr. Roosevelt will be taking it over soon, MR. JONES, so you won't have to worry. . . . W. U. WALKER of El Paso, Texas, thinks that the example was set for the WPA and Relief by the granting of a bonus to the soldiers — "it opened the floodgates". . . . A plea for the Single Tax arrives over the signature of Dr. CHARLES J. LAVERY of Aberdeen, South Dakota. Referred to our Henry George Department. . . . WARWICK E. MILLER of Providence, Rhode Island, sadly sums up the present status of the New Deal by remarking that "the old plug hat is full of holes and no more rabbits can be extracted". Don't be too sure, friend. Dr. Roosevelt can pull a rabbit right out of a

vacuum. . . . We have been caught in a mistake. ARCH F. HACKETT of Tulsa, Oklahoma, added up a column of figures in the March issue (which our proofreader obviously did *not* add up) and found a little error of some twenty million. But what's a mere twenty million to us New Dealers, Arch? . . . EDWIN M. CASE of St. Louis, wants to know (a) why we are vituperative; (b) the difference between dictatorship and a labor organization; and (c) whether *Gone With The Wind* is based on fact. . . . Four more OPEN FORUM contributors have turned to Poetry. They are: GWYN GRIFFITHS of Washington, D. C., FRANKLYN HOPKINS of New York City, TERESA M. WOOD of San Francisco, and CAUSTIC POTASH of Kansas City, Kansas. Lack of space must keep them mute, but not inglorious. . . . H. O. WALKER of Mt. Dora, Florida, is disappointed because THE MERCURY's policy is not "more like the policies of the *Nation* and the *New Republic*". We're not. . . . Somewhat after the style of Gerty Stein is a complex letter from A. GARDNER CHASE of Skyland, North Carolina. We gather, however, that he is proud to be an American. Rejoice while ye may. . . . Amazingly enough, LEON D. KAUFMAN of Hollywood, addresses a letter to the Pope *via* THE MERCURY, remarking "several of my letters to the Vatican have been rudely ignored". Think of that! . . . "To Hell With Anyone were better left unsaid," according to Miss VIRGINIA HANNAH of New Canaan, Connecticut. Perhaps so, but we have so far received three hundred and fifty-six letters about the article *To Hell With America!* and of that number three hundred and eleven contained the salutation "To Hell With England!"



THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from front advertising section)

MISCELLANEOUS

★★★★★ PLATO. Translated by Lane Cooper. \$3.50. *Oxford Press*. Phaedrus, Ion, Gorgias, Symposium, and passages from the Republic and the Laws, admirably translated. The author remarks that the book is intended for college students as well as the general public: it is interesting to note — as a comparison between the United States of 1938 and the Greece of Plato — that, were any of Professor Cooper's students at Cornell to indulge in the several homosexual activities so enthusiastically endorsed by Socrates in Phaedrus, they would be whipped out of Phi Beta Kappa, tarred and feathered, and incarcerated in State prison.

★★★★★ WALDEN AND OTHER WRITINGS OF THOREAU. \$.95. *Modern Library*. The best of Thoreau, selected and edited by Brooks Atkinson, shrewdly and competently.

★★★★★ THE WORKS OF THOREAU. \$.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. A brilliant job of selection and editing by Henry Seidel Canby, this omnibus is as fine a collection of Thoreau's work as anyone, aside from the scholar-specialist, would want. A necessary book for everyone's library.

★★★★★ COMPLETE TALES AND POEMS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. \$1.25. *Modern Library*. An especially valuable Modern Library Giant, the more so because complete and authoritative editions of Poe are rare. In over a thousand well-printed and legible pages are gathered together

every major item from the author's pen and many of his minor writings.

★★★★★ BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS. 11th Edition, Edited by Christopher Morley and Louella D. Everett. \$.50. *Little, Brown*. The classic and necessary reference volume — but the Check List reviewer started to *read* it, and was unavailable for the next four hours. Better than the dictionary.

★★★★★ THE GONCOURT JOURNALS. Translated and Edited by Lewis Galantière. \$3.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. An excellent translation of the journals of Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, the famous brothers who lived and chronicled in the Paris of the mid-nineteenth century.

★★★★★ THIS IS OUR WORLD, by Paul B. Sears. \$2.50. *University of Oklahoma Press*. Another fascinating book from the author of *Deserts On The March*. An absorbing study of the earth, its plants and animals, chiefly in relation to the destiny of mankind. Professor Sears is dubious about our continued existence unless we pattern our civilization with more intelligence and foresight. His conclusions are extremely interesting, and his writing graceful and alive.

★★★★★ SOCIAL THOUGHT FROM LORE TO SCIENCE, by Harry Elmer Barnes and Howard Becker. Two Volumes. \$9.50. *Heath*. A massive compendium, running to some 1200 pages of analysis, of the history

of social thought from the preliterate peoples to the present enlightened age. The authors, both able men, trace the growth of civilization through many stages, and through the media of government, anthropology, economics, and history. The bibliographies are vast, the name and subject indexes truly monumental. Messrs. Barnes and Becker have labored mightily to condense their material into comprehensive and chronological form: the task might well have thwarted them. But they triumph by sheer pertinacity, thereby supplying the shelves of sociology with two fine volumes. Scholars will be grateful.

★★★★INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, by A. E. Housman. \$1.00. *Macmillan*. The often-quoted lecture on the pursuit of knowledge delivered at University College, London, in 1892. A civilized learning and a reserved wit expressed in prose worthy of the poet.

★★★★TRUTH IN HISTORY AND OTHER ESSAYS, by William A. Dunning. \$2.75. *Columbia University Press*. Professor Dunning, esteemed scholar, writer, and historian at Columbia, was one of the Republic's most talented debunkers of history. This volume of essays, selected by Professor J. G. de Rouilhac Hamilton, are representative of the author's best. In them certain myths are flattened, and others deflated, to the end that history, as we know it, may be better judged. A valuable volume, indeed; and recommended as required reading for super-patriots and flag-wavers.

★★★LITTLE GOLDEN AMERICA, by Ilya Ilf and Eugene Petrov. \$2.75. *Farrar & Rinehart*. After all the books Americans have written about the Russians, it is only fair that the Russians should write books about us: and to see ourselves as others see us is instructive and sometimes amusing. Messrs. Ilf and Petrov, famous humorists of the Soviets, tour this country by motor under the guidance of an explosive fattish

gentleman and his capable wife, who are, the authors believe, typical Americans. Their observations are acute, their cleverness unquestioned. Their verdict is against these United States: a nice place, but they don't like it.

★★★TO THE QUEEN'S TASTE, by Helen Train Hilles. \$2.50. *Random House*. Even the most competent hostess will find plenty to interest her in this excellent cook book. Mrs. Hilles writes amusingly and well.

★★★THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRST NIGHT, by George Jean Nathan. \$2.50. *Knopf*. Erudite and amusing comments on the theater by America's first critic.

★★★LET ME SHOW YOU VERMONT, by Charles Edward Crane. \$3.00. *Knopf*. Humorous but penetrating study of the Green Mountain State, done by a Vermonter in the Vermont manner. A splendid work of portraiture, yet unlikely to interest modern "Liberals". Vermont, it appears, still believes in Individualism.

★★★THE NEGRO'S STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL, by S. J. Holmes. \$3.00. *University of California Press*. Study of the guileless Afro-American, by a professor of zoology; based on population trends, on birth and mortality tables, on the selective action of disease, and on charts of negro migrations. The author establishes many curious facts; but he is too wise to draw arbitrary conclusions. In such studies, rather than in sociological hysteria and sentimentality, the light to guide us will be found.

★★★THE GREAT ADVENTURE: THE STORY OF THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE, by Edwin C. Parsons. \$2.75. *Doubleday, Doran*. High adventure adventurously told; and it is well to read it, because there will be no more such romantics serving in major wars. These chaps have gone to join the knights of Froissart. *Rittmeister* Baron von Richthofen

set the pattern for the airfights of the future: those fine individualists will be, and are now becoming, regimented.

★★★ ENGLAND UNDER TRUST, by J. Dixon-Scott. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. The National Trust was founded in 1895 to preserve places of natural beauty and edifices of historic interest. The organization now owns more than 50,000 acres in Britain and protects another 10,000 under covenants. Mr. Dixon-Scott describes the scenes; sixty-two photographic plates illustrate them. There is beauty here, and tradition; and a moral lesson to America, the despoiler of countryside.

★★★ PLOT AND COUNTER-PLOT, by M. W. Fodor. \$3.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. One of the veteran Mid-European correspondents surveys conditions in the Danubian area, where war-talk is a popular commodity. His book comprises an able history of post-1918 affairs, portraits of current statesmen, and an insight into the intrigue which at this writing surrounds the issue of *Anschluss* versus Danubia.

★★★ AMERICA'S YESTERDAY, by F. Martin Brown. \$3.50. *Lippincott*. An engaging volume, pleasingly non-technical, on the lives and accomplishments of our predecessors on the American continent, commencing with the votaries of the Ice Age. Some of these early folk were remarkable indeed; and all of them left, to some extent, an imprint on our times and culture. Professor Brown is a good archaeologist, and a handsome writer.

★★★ A HISTORY OF HISTORICAL WRITING, by Harry Elmer Barnes. \$3.50. *University of Oklahoma Press*. Out of man's desire to perpetuate himself and the remembrance of his doings, stems the stream of history; and as such it derives from human aspiration to immortality. A painstaking seeker after truth, Professor Barnes here presents, in some 400 pages, "this book, the first of its kind in any lan-

guage" to survey the development of the art and science of historical writing. He concludes that the existing annals contain more of literature than of history; that the new history will be written by men who devote their lives to it from their undergraduate days upward; that we can no longer write and teach history without considering the nature and behavior of man. His judgments will raise controversy among the thoughtful practitioners of the mystery.

★★★ FORTY YEARS OF AMERICAN-JAPANESE RELATIONS, by Foster Rhea Dulles. \$3.00. *Appleton-Century*. A valuable book, chronicling the history of the relations between the two powers whose policies in the Far East hinge upon the Open Door. The time has now arrived, says the author, for America to consider realities instead of idealism. Otherwise, the threat of war will be with us evermore.

★★★ ANIMAL TREASURE, by Ivan T. Sanderson. \$3.00. *Viking Press*. When the English author of this unique zoological volume was a much younger man (he is now 28), he concluded, he says, that "scientific methods of collecting animals were out of date". So he set out for the Protectorate of Nigeria to see what could be done about understanding the how and why of animal behavior. His book is fine though specialized reading; his thirty-two illustrations in gravure are superb.

★★★ BRITTANY PATROL, by H. Wickliffe Rose. \$3.50. *Norton*. The story of America's suicide fleet in the Great War, set down with color and talent by a former ensign who enjoyed his wartime experiences and who has not forgotten the drama played on Biscay's turbulent waters.

★★★ THE POWERS OF THE PRESIDENT, by W. E. Binkley. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. An interpretation of the authority which inheres to our Chief Executive, and the historical processes which have

brought the White House to its present eminence. Professor Binkley, avoiding the errors of partisanship, concludes that periodic swings occur in the person of the Presidency: from strong to weak, and vice versa. A readable, timely book.

★★★ THE REALM OF TRUTH, by George Santayana. \$2.75. *Scribners*. The third volume of the author's *Realms of Being* which, with the two that have gone before — *The Realm of Essence* and *The Realm of Matter* — plus the remaining one to come — *The Realm of Spirit* — will present the complete Santayana philosophy. This volume is difficult reading, in contrast to the author's usual easy and graceful prose. Professional philosophers and professional readers of philosophy, however, will find it a necessary book to own.

★★★ ASCARIS: THE BIOLOGIST'S STORY OF LIFE, by Richard Goldschmidt. \$3.25. *Prentice Hall*. *Ascaris* is a parasitic worm. The remedy is some reliable vermifuge. Striking forward from *ascaris*, Dr. Goldschmidt describes tangents to all life, and swings smoothly back to his worm in the final chapter. This he does in common language, most rare in scientists. An improving and even amusing book, packed with curious information, profusely illustrated.

★★★ CARBINE AND LANCE, by W. S. Nye. \$3.00. *University of Oklahoma Press*. The Indian Wars have been over these many years; but Fort Sill still stands in southwestern Oklahoma as a testimonial to strident days. Captain Nye, weaving color and drama into his words, writes of the times when Fort Sill was the focal point of Western warfare. An exciting book, and one of historical value. Illustrated with some very fine photographs, culled from pioneer sources.

★★★ COUNTER ATTACK IN SPAIN, by Ramon Sender. \$3.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. A somewhat idealized and extremely skill-

ful narrative of the Loyalists in the Madrid fighting, all most violent and vivid, losing little in Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell's translation. The writer's personal tragedy — his wife was shot by a Rightist firing squad, in a non-combatant area — would justify any amount of passionate hatred: it is Franco, aided by Italy and Germany, who has created the Spanish hell and stoked its fires. Russia, however, is not mentioned at all. One of the most effective pieces of proletarian propaganda yet published.

★★★ THE APACHE INDIANS, by Frank C. Lockwood. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. Another valuable item of Americana, tracing the history of the Apache tribes, who were the original bad men of the Southwest. A scourge to the gentle Pueblos and kindred pastorals in primitive times, they were the most formidable enemies the Spanish conquistadores faced in their exploitations north from the valley of Mexico; and within the memory of Americans now living, they rendered some of the most fertile areas of the Southwest inhabitable. The measures found necessary to their final subjection are here recorded, duly documented, and they are sorry tales. But when the Stone Age runs afoul of the Machine Age, there can be but one result.

★★★ GIANT FISHES, WHALES, AND DOLPHINS, by J. R. Norman and F. C. Fraser. \$4.00. *Norton*. A complete reference book, written in language for the layman, giving all particulars about the larger denizens of the deep, whose total eradication seems to be one of the fundamental ambitions of the human race.

★★★ THE CHARLATANRY OF THE LEARNED, by Johann Burkhard Mencken. Edited by H. L. Mencken. \$2.50. *Knopf*. Proof that quackery existed and was recognized as such in the year of our Lord 1715. The author knew his subject and the compliments he paid his contemporary phonies are well worth reading today. The book is edited and annotated by a gentleman not

entirely unacquainted with twentieth-century quackery, H. L. Mencken (distantly related to the author). The preface and notes are a brilliant piece of scholarship.

★★★ THE JEWS, by Hilaire Belloc. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. A third edition of Mr. Belloc's penetrating study, with an up-to-date introduction. Probably the most outspoken book on the Jewish problem ever written by an intelligent Gentle.

★★★ HOLY OLD MACKINAW, by Stewart H. Holbrook. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. A lusty book, about lusty men, compiled in these soft days when the American lumberjack is taking his place with other extinct animals. You will follow the migration of the timber cutters from Maine to Michigan, and from Michigan to Oregon, keeping always one jump ahead of the debilitating influences of civilization. And you will learn that the men with calked boots now wet their feet in the Pacific, and wonder where the next migration will take them. Evidently to the files of history: their era is done. But while they lived and sweated and cursed and loved, they were hairy-chested men indeed. Mr. Holbrook, a frequent contributor to THE MERCURY, writes hard and clean, as though hewing his way through folklore with a woodsman's axe.

★★★ THE 168 DAYS, by Joseph Alsop and Turner Catledge. \$2.75. *Doubleday, Doran*. Two of the better Washington correspondents (neither New Dealers nor gossip-peddlers) undertake an analysis of the 168 days that shook the United States, commencing with Mr. Roosevelt's announcement of how he proposed to pack the Supreme Court in the interests of democracy. What Messrs. Alsop and Catledge present is the story behind Page One, and of how the Court Bill was killed, and of who wielded the lethal weapons. In retrospect, it was a remarkable fight, splitting the Republic into new political alignments, not yet cemented. Nevertheless, recent events indicate that nature will do what Mr.

Roosevelt entrusted to politics. The Court is being packed by gentler methods: instead of stripping the bench at one swoop, you take advantage of men's age and infirmities. The last two appointees have borne the White House stamp of mediocrity upon their ermine.

★★★ THE FATE OF THE GROSVENOR, by Jonathan Lee. \$2.75. *Covici-Friede*. An adventurous tale, not unlike *Mutiny on the Bounty*, which it parallels in many particulars, so much so that one marvels at man's ability to survive against the odds of exposure and starvation. The *Grosvenor's* company was cast ashore on the east coast of Africa on August 4, 1782, following cruel shipwreck. Four months later, six of the vessel's original 145 souls reached Capetown. Virtually all the others died in varying degrees of horror. Tribulation and fortitude, mixed with heroism, flavors the story: Mr. Lee has brought his men and women to life for a brief bow in the annals of men against nature. We hear little of this breed nowadays: science effects the major rescues.

★★ JAPAN IN AMERICAN PUBLIC OPINION, by Eleanor Tupper and George E. McReynolds. \$3.75. *Macmillan*. Here, traced from 1905 to the current dispatches out of Shanghai and Peiping, are rung the changes of our judgments on Japan. In those days, it will be remembered, they were a Brave Little People. Now they are considered something else. The authors make their case by assembling a continuity of public expression — editorial, reportorial, and oratorical largely. They could have made it more impressive by some graphs of population pressure and the resultant trade-aspirations in the zones of common contact.

★★ PRISON LIFE IS DIFFERENT, by James A. Johnston. \$3.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. A Liberal warden looks on prison life, and concludes that humanitarianism is a better solvent for hardened men than

the lash and the straitjacket. As proof, he offers the results of his reforms at Folsom and San Quentin.

★★ MODERN BUILDING, by Walter Curt Behrendt. \$3.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. Timely information on the nature, problems, and forms of today's architecture, both in America and abroad. Dr. Behrendt's thesis is that "among the decisive factors the work of the architect is bounded by, the social conditions . . . are of the greatest importance".

★★ MY DISCOVERY OF THE WEST, by Stephen Leacock. \$2.00. *Hale, Cushman & Flint*. A humorist goes statistical, proving thereby that the Western provinces of the Dominion of Canada are fine large provinces, inhabited by progressive and attractive people: and establishing further that statistics are always statistics, however cleverly presented.

★★ FAREWELL, SPAIN, by Kate O'Brien. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. Wistful recollections of the Spain we will never see again, by one who loved it and knew it well.

★★ ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PACIFISM, Edited by Aldous Huxley. \$50. *Harpers*. An adroit piece of special pleading, its elements assembled with skill. Senator Nye would love it. Yet it is not by the dreamers in their ivory towers that this problem will be solved.

★ THE ENGLISH NOVELISTS, edited by Derek Verschoye. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. A survey of the English novel, from Chaucer to James Joyce, written by twenty English novelists. The contributions, with one or two exceptions, will convince the reader that novelists make poor critics.

★ AMERICA ON RELIEF, by Marie Dresden Lane and Francis Steegmuller. \$2.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. Analysis of the New Deal's Relief program, and of how the billions have been spent here, there, and

everywhere, with little regard to natural laws. The authors adopt the classical approach: they treat Relief as a fundamental national problem, one that will be with us forever. But there is, too, the political aspect. And it does little good to discuss Relief, no matter how seriously, unless you discuss at the same time vote-buying, and similar obscene practices. Of course, social workers deny—or belittle—the implication. But how, then, can you explain Mr. Farley's national Tammany, Mr. Hopkins' geographic spending, and Mr. Roosevelt's 27,000,000 votes? It is time to examine Relief *from all angles*: this book treats only the academic.

★ REPORT OF THE HOSPITAL SURVEY OF NEW YORK. Volume II. Published by the United Hospital Fund. An intensive analysis of the use, cost, and programs of the institutions and agencies which care for the sick in the Manhattan area. The text, comprising 1225 pages, is replete with charts, indices, and footnotes.

★ THE NEGRO GENIUS, by Benjamin Brawley. \$2.50. *Dodd, Mead*. A comprehensive appraisal of the negro's role in American cultural life.

★ THE IDAHO ENCYCLOPEDIA, Compiled by the Federal Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration. \$5.00. *Caxton Printers*. Another voluminous compilation of facts and figures about one of the forty-eight Commonwealths, of value to historians, researchers, and natives of the Gem State.

★ EARLY MAN, Edited by George Grant MacCurdy. \$5.00. *Lippincott*. Thirty-six papers, on the subject of pre-history, delivered by authorities from all parts of the world at the International Symposium of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, 1937. There is nothing in these badly-written and disconnected addresses for the layman: but the scientific facts recorded will doubtless be of value to the specializing student.

★ **HISTORIC CHURCHES AND HOMES OF MAINE.** Compiled by the Maine Writers Research Club. \$3.50. *Falmouth Book House, Portland.* Descriptions and lore of many of the State's notable edifices, illustrated with excellent photographs.

★ **YOU HAVE SEEN THEIR FACES,** by Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White. \$5.00. *Viking.* Mr. Caldwell declares that the Southern sharecroppers' lot can be turned into "a living paradise" if only the boys will join a union. His argument is well-written, but no more convincing than the vapping of any other professional Uplifter who is itching to spend other people's money for mayonnaise mixers for the congenitally unfit. The photographs which accompany Mr. Caldwell's zealous pleadings suffer from posed artificiality.

★ **A GUIDE TO COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,** edited by John William Robson. \$1.25. *Columbia University Press.* Comprehensive notes on the history and traditions of the college which, since its founding in 1754, has occupied five homes, including the present, on Morningside Heights in the city of Manhattan.

★ **THE CONQUEST OF CULTURE,** by M. D. C. Crawford. \$3.50. *Greenberg.* Presentation of the thesis that the progress of mechanical invention has far outdistanced the advance of social law. Remedy offered—Internationalism. An index is lacking.

THE ARTS WORKSHOP OF RURAL AMERICA, by Marjorie Patten. \$1.50. *Columbia University Press.* Do-Good theology, written by a professional Do-Gooder, in the classic Do-Good style. Example: "Over wide areas, farmers are interested now in opera as well as in corn and hogs, in drama as well as in cheese and cream, and in folk dancing as well as in wheat and cattle." And so on, for 202 pages, proving that the New Leisure Life, when taken in gulps, is as intoxicating as whisky.

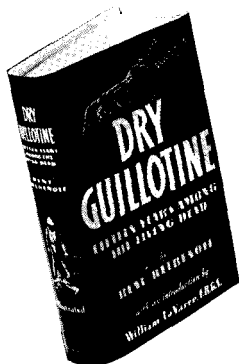
THE FOLKLORE OF CAPITALISM, by Thurman W. Arnold. \$3.00. *Yale University Press.* A better title for this book would have been *The Folklore of Uplifter Thurman W. Arnold.* It is blatantly fallacious, and written in that glib manner in which members of the I-Am-Not-a-Communist-But Club delight to rouse the intellectual rabble. Though its speciousness should be transparent to anyone but an editor of the *New Republic*, the opus has been whooped to the skies by all the kept Leftists who review books for the Capitalist press.

THE SPIRIT AND STRUCTURE OF GERMAN FASCISM, by Robert A. Brady. \$3.00. *Viking Press.* The fact that Comrade Prof. Harold J. Laski has written a foreword for this volume is indicative of its inflamed bias. Commencing as a critical study of Herr Hitler's *Gott Mitt Uns* philosophy, it winds up in a torrent of furious words, which, when translated into English, warn the world to embrace Marxism—or else.

THE SOVIETS, by Albert Rhys Williams. \$3.00. *Harcourt, Brace.* More soothing syrup about the Red Zion, written by a "Liberal" who sees the fun-loving proletariat through purple glasses. As a wistful apologist, he rivals the Webbs. Example: that the egregious Soviet bureaucracy of today is the result of hold-overs from the Czarist régime.

WHAT EVERY YOUNG MAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT WAR, by Harold Shapiro. \$1.50. *Knight.* Just what Mr. Shapiro desires to say through this compilation is doubtful, yet he means well. The book is made up of classified excerpts from hospital records, medical and sanitary reports, statistical summaries, eyewitness statements, and the like. The references are documented. It all adds up to pretty bad news: but men had that news when Sidon was a village; and it has never made any real difference to them.

(Continued in back adv't section, page x)



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THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 128)

POETRY

★★★★ **SUCH COUNSELS YOU GAVE TO ME**, by Robinson Jeffers. \$2.50. *Random House*. The long title poem is a superbly written epic, and the shorter verses of high quality too. Mr. Jeffers has a virility of expression and a sweep of phrase owned by few other American poets.

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★★ **ON MY WAY**, by Marion Canby. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. The spontaneous outbursts of a sensitive lady poet. Mrs. Canby puts the best possible face upon a minor, but genuine, talent.

★★ **THE STORY OF LOWRY MAEN**, by Padraic Colum. \$1.90. *Macmillan*. Narrative poetry which builds a story in the time of the Celts. Vigorous verse by the Irish poet, which yet does not make his theme seem less remote.

★★ **DOCUMENTS AND DAINTIES**, by Albert Clements. \$1.00. *Mimeograph Press*. Readable verse by a young man whose work deserves more enduring recognition than that afforded a pink paper-bound edition.

★★ **FANTASY AND FUGUE**, by Marina Wister. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. Unusual rhythms and a happy choice of words distinguish Miss Wister's work.

★★ **THE EVERLASTING MINUTE**, by Louis Ginsberg. \$2.00. *Liveright*. Mr. Ginsberg has already established his reputation as a versifier of note by publishing poems in leading magazines and anthologies of America and England. The best of his lyrics read very well indeed, and contrast surprisingly with the several commonplace jingles which have been allowed to creep into this collection.



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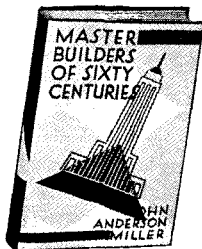
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*** indicate an outstanding performance, ** a competent performance, * an acceptable performance. ††† denote exceptional recording, †† efficient recording, † poor recording.

ORCHESTRAL

***†† *Symphony in F, No. 6, Beethoven:* (RCA-Victor, five twelve-inch records, \$10). Though Toscanini did not conduct the BBC Orchestra for a sufficient period (during his English visit of last year) for it really to absorb the stamp of his manner, this performance of the *Pastoral* symphony is nevertheless one that every record collector will want to have. The reading is a traditional one (of especial poetry in the "Scene at the Brook") and the playing is solid and reliable, if scarcely brilliant.

***†† *Concerto for Piano, in A minor, Grieg:* (Columbia, four 12-inch records, \$6.50). A new version of this work has for some time been a phonographic necessity, but it is unfortunate that Walter Gieseking should have been chosen to record it. It is plain that his affection for the score is tempered by a critical appraisal of its weaknesses, thus achieving justice neither for the music nor for his own fine art. The orchestral accompaniment by Hans Rosbaud and the Berlin State Opera House Orchestra is technically accurate, but deficient in spirit.

***†† *Le Beau Danube, Johann Strauss-R. Desormiere:* (RCA-Victor, three 12-inch records, \$5). A potpourri of Strauss material as utilized by the de Basil *Ballet Russe* in Massine's *Beau Danube*. The particular virtue of this *melange* is that it contains a number of charming ideas by the great Johann which are rarely heard, since they occur in obscure works. The conducting of Anatol Dorati and the playing of the London Philharmonic Orchestra are excellent

(Continued on page xiv)



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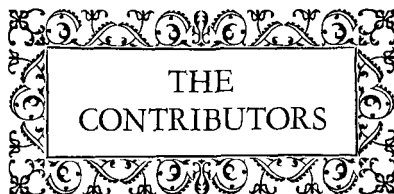
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(Continued from page xii)

by ballet standards, which means that they are rather second-rate if compared with the records of such specialists as Bruno Walter or Erich Kleiber and the Vienna Philharmonic.



THE CONTRIBUTORS

BERTHA Y. BURRILL (*Are Dogs People?*), housewife, lives in Wilmette, Illinois. This is her first published article. **LAWRENCE DENNIS** (*Propaganda for War: Model 1938*), is the well-known New York writer and economist. **ALAN DEVOE** (*The Rape of a Continent*), essayist and naturalist, lives on a farm in upstate New York. **HAVELOCK ELLIS** (*The Problem of Sexual Impotency*) is the distinguished English authority on sexuality. **EDMUND GILLIGAN** (*Remember the Maine?*) is a member of the editorial staff of the New York *Sun*. He recently published a novel, *Boundary Against Night*. (Farrar & Rinehart). **MONA LARÉ** (*The Brides of Marx*) is a New York newspaperwoman. **DON LAYNE** (*How To Get a Washington Job*) is a free-lance writer living in Washington, D. C. **EUGENE PHARO** (*Emancipating the American Male*) is a special correspondent for the Washington Post. **ERICH POSSELT** (*The Myth of Czech "Democracy"*) is an authority on Central European affairs. **JESSICA POWERS** (*Having Renounced You*) hails from Mauston, Wisconsin, and is contributor of verse to various magazines. **LOUIS STODDARD** (*Cabin Against the Hill*) is a young poet who lives on a farm in Esperance, New York. **SISTER M. THÉRÈSE** (*Interval*), is Poet Laureate of Marquette University. **HAROLD LORD VARNEY** (*Sovietizing Our Merchant Marine*) is the widely-read historian of the Radical movement in America.

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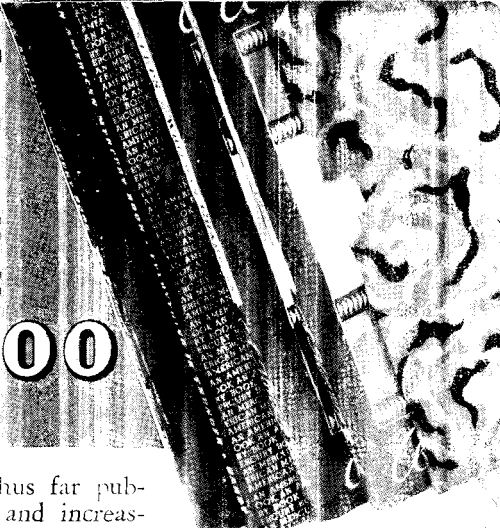


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